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**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK**

1918

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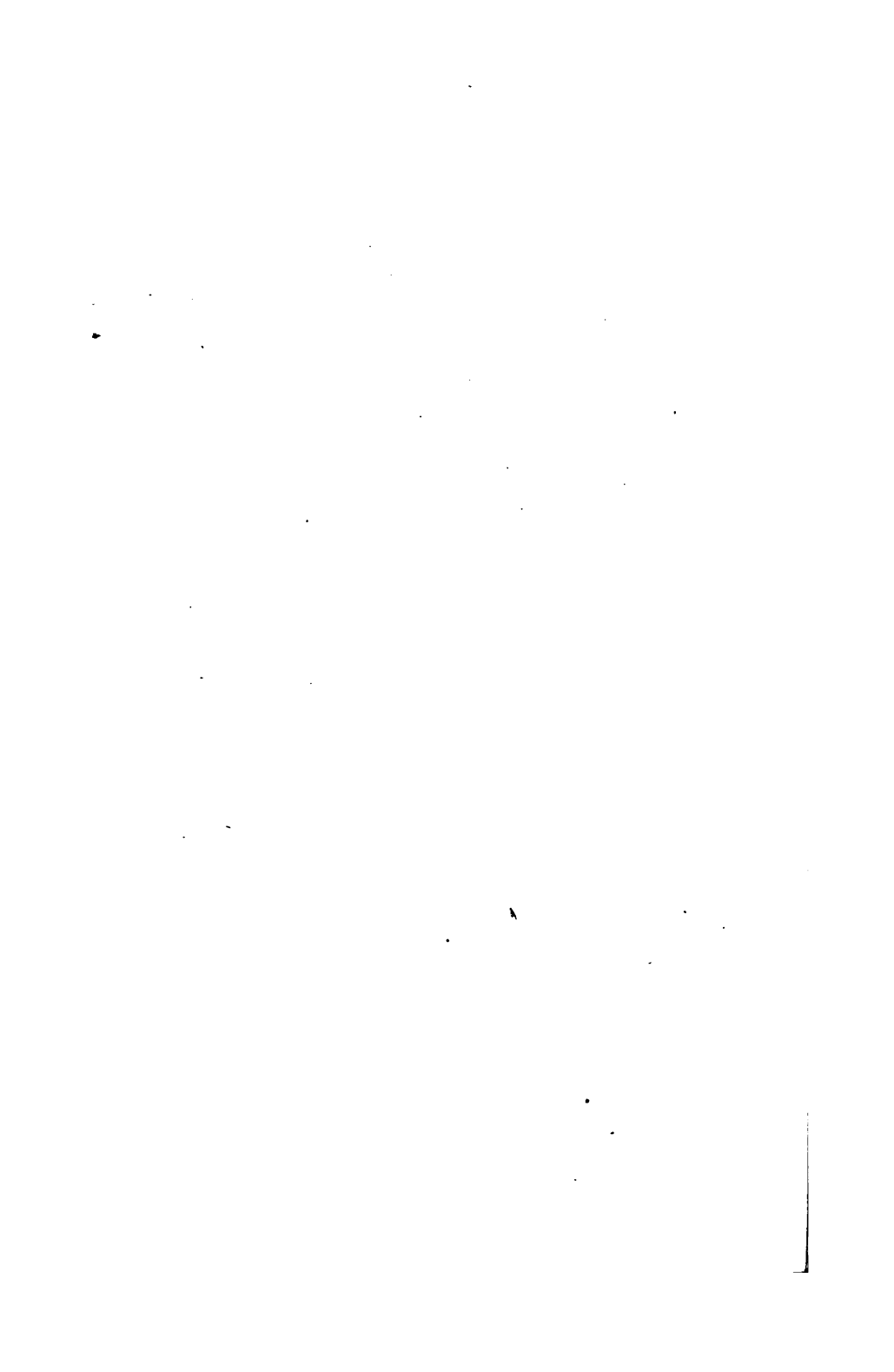
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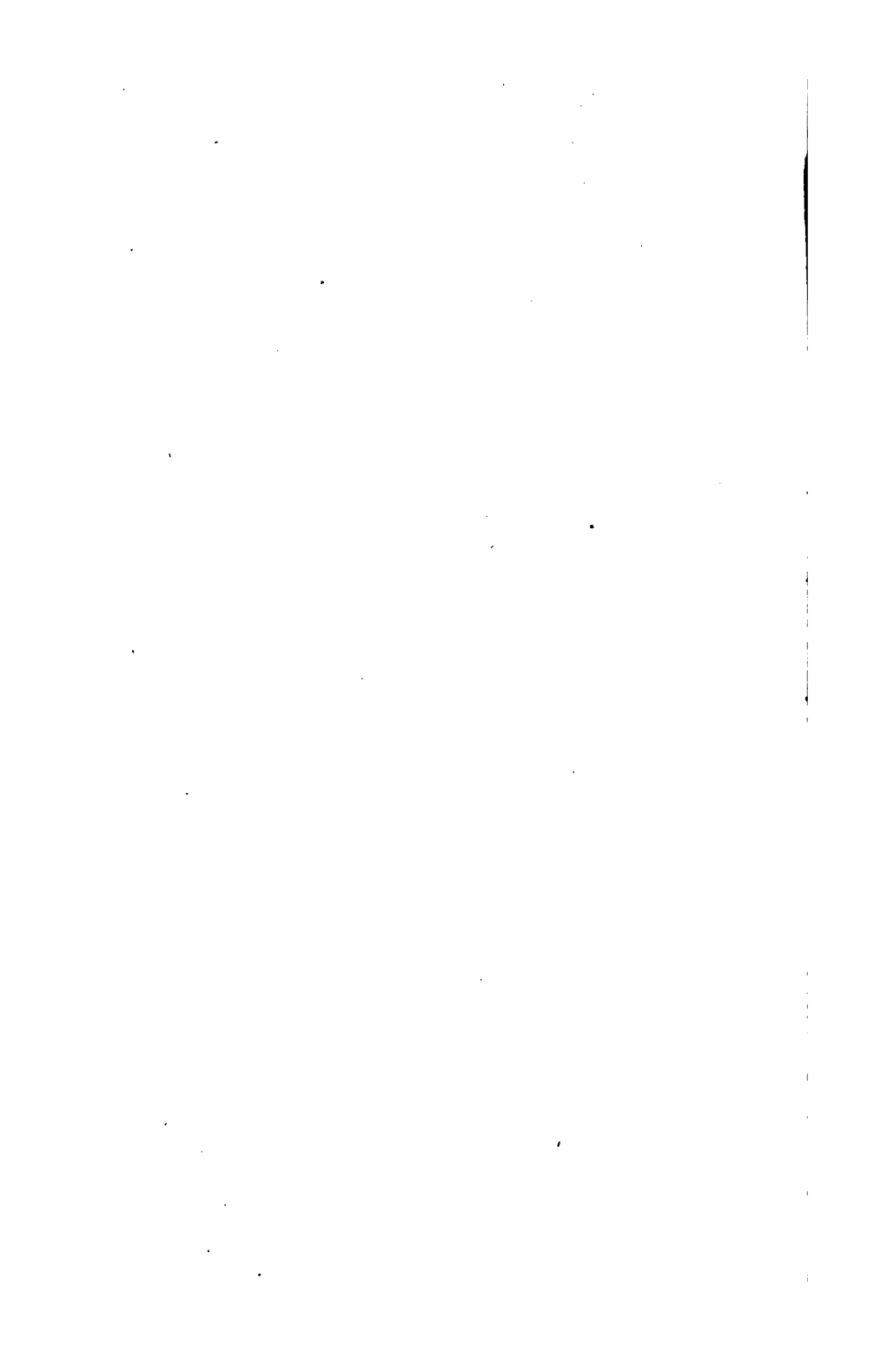


**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK**

1918

11





THE LEPER:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MRS. REBEKAH HYNEMAN.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY A. HART, LATE CAREY & HART,
NO. 126 CHESTNUT STREET.

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PREFACE.

"It is a good lesson," says Hawthorne, "though it may be a hard one, for a person who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world's dignitaries by such means, to step out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognised, and to find how utterly devoid of significance beyond that circle, is all that he achieves and all that he aims at." I am now stepping out of that charmed circle, and tremble lest the above truth may be too rudely enforced. In presenting my unassuming little volume to the public, I feel more than the usual share of timidity attendant upon such ventures, for I come before them unknown and unnamed. To my co-religionists I offer no apology—the very sincere love I bear for the faith of my adoption, will be to them a sufficient apology for my indifferent poetry, and, I trust, cause them to overlook much that might otherwise be condemned. But to those whose path is not as mine, and who may not be disposed to judge with equal leniency, I have no excuse to offer, but screen myself behind the shield of insignificance.

It may be as well to state here, that the "Leper" was written, and prepared for the press, before I read Willis' beautiful poem bearing the same name. Had I read that before the composition of my own, I would have shrunk from entering into competition with one whose genius so far overshadows mine; but as that is the only point of resemblance, it would scarcely be worth while to make an alteration; in all other respects, the candid reader will acquit me of plagiarism.

As I commenced my few prefatory remarks with a quotation, let me close them in the words of the gifted Shelley:—"If the attempt of an author be ineffectual, let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient; let none trouble themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon his efforts; the pile they raise will betray his grave, which might otherwise have been unknown."

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1868.

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THE LEPER.

“And the leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare; and he shall put a covering upon his upper lips, and shall cry ‘Unclean, unclean.’”—*Leviticus* xiii., v. 45.

A LONELY traveler wends his way
O'er Sharon's sweet and flowery plain,
And while the sunbeams lingering play,
He breathes some half-forgotten lay,
And dreams of childhood's joys again.
Sweet household forms come thronging fast,
Like faded pictures of the past,
Retinted by the artist's skill,
He deems that in each swelling hill,
In every shaded dark ravine,
He traces some familiar scene.
The flowering oleanders shed
A grateful fragrance o'er his head,
And the wild plane and almond tree
Give their sweet blossoms to the bee;
And wheresoe'er his footsteps prest,
A thousand flowers of gorgeous hue, (1)

The brightest and the loveliest,
Add their gay colors to the view.
He climbs those lofty mountain peaks
That guard Judea's fertile land,
And sees in every spot he seeks
The same unerring, mighty, hand.
Whether he views the lonely vale,
Still hallowed by the honored name
Of him* whose melancholy wail
Deplores his prostrate country's shame ;
Or, if he seeks those regions wild
And desolate, where God has spoken,
That through long ages undefiled,
Their solemn silence keep unbroken ; (2)
Or that lone spot, revered of yore,
Mysterious Bethel ! where the tread (3)
Of holy angels o'er the floor
Of heaven, watched the wanderer's bed ;
Whatever point or path he trod
Bore witness to the hand of God.

The lingering sun had not yet sought
The curtained chambers of the West—
The drooping flowret had not caught
One glittering dew-drop in its vest,
When the loud thunder's pealing sound
Awoke a thousand echoes round.

His dream has changed ! the driving rain
Pours like a flood o'er mount and plain,

* Jeremiah.

And welcome now the meanest shed
That ever sheltered wanderer's head.
So sudden was the storm's wild power—
 So ruthlessly and fierce it beat—
That instantly earth, shrub and flower,
 Were flooded 'neath the traveler's feet.
The lightning's glare, the thunder's crash,
 And giant tree, and sapling frail,
Writhing beneath the tempest's lash,
 Add terrors to the furious gale.

But see ! a little pathway gleams,
 To cheer him in his loneliness ;
A path oft trodden, too, it seems,
 As if in this strange wilderness
Some human being set apart
 This lonely spot to wander in,
And ease the swelling of a heart
 Too sorely pressed with care or sin ;
For none who cling to this world's bliss,
Would choose a spot so wild as this.

The labyrinthine rocks display (4)
A wild, fantastic, devious way ;
Gloomy and bare, where once the vine,
With purple clusters, sought to twine,
In fair and graceful drapery
Around the fruitful olive tree ;
Even yet, where sheltering valleys lie,
The olive and the laurel vie,
To cheer the gloom that seems to brood,
Over this desert wild and rude.

But memories of the past still cling
Where war has swept her ruthless wing,
And shadow forth on each lone spot,
Deeds that can never be forgot,
When all Judea's sacred land
Was humbled by a tyrant's hand,
And now lay bleeding and alone,
Vassal to Rome's triumphant throne.
Her mighty, throbbing, heart is crushed,
Her proud, triumphal songs are hushed,
And over mount, and vale, and plain,
Silence, and grief, and misery reign.

The traveler speeds as best he may,
Along that wild, bewildering way,
And as he turned an angle, where
Thick branches had shut out the view,
A human form sprung from a lair
Of matted leaves, and bounding through
The tangled wildwood, fled apace,
As if far more than tempest's wrath,
He feared the sight of human face
That crossed his lonely desert path.
And as he speeds, his feeble breath
Carries unto the traveler's ear,
Those fearful words of blight and death,
That tell a plague-struck leper near.

Pursuing that mysterious form,
The traveler half forgets the storm,
But hastens on his path, until
He gains the summit of a hill,

From whence, descending, he perceives
A lonely, quiet, fragrant glen,
Half hidden by a bower of leaves,
While flowers all unknown till then,
Shewed like a sea of crimson dye,
With gold-speck'd islands to the eye. (5)

It was a wild, yet lovely spot !
A gentle streamlet flowed between
Two verdant hills, and a rude hut
Lay sheltered by a leafy screen
Of vine and tree, so interlaced,
Their mingling bough and tendril gave
New beauties to the scene they graced.
And every little mimic wave
That rippled o'er its pebbly bed,
Seemed like a gladsome child of earth,
Laughing and singing from its birth,
And bringing joy where'er it sped ;
Until far down that narrow vale,
Where tangled wood and mosses dank,
And the wild lotus, lone and pale,
Were all that graced its shady bank—
Its murmurs ceased, and sad and slow
It mingled with the pool below.

Can the wild storm be passed and gone ?
Like a fierce whirlwind it came on,
And now the slanting sunbeams shone
On dripping bough and blooming flower,
Still bending with its sudden power.

In that sweet valley, where the storm
Was changed into a summer breeze,
Again he saw the leper's form
Beneath the bending olive trees,
Stopping to bind a broken bough,
Or in their shadow stooping low,
To raise a broken iris up,
Or tend a fragile lily's cup;
Each storm-bent flower craves his care—
Each bud and leaflet sweet and fair.

But when he heard the tread of man
Approaching that deserted spot,
With haste from his loved task he ran,
To reach his wood-embowered hut;
And raising thence his plaintive cry,
Forewarned the unguarded one to fly.
But vain the warning; he was one
Well skilled in lore of wisest leech;
He had journey'd far beneath the sun,
And had learned all that man could teach.
Nor feared he aught of misery,
Though foul and loathsome it might be.

"Thou fearest me not! I thank thee for that tone,
So soothing to my utter wretchedness;
For many a long and weary year, not one
Kind human voice has cheered my loneliness.
Sometimes, but rarely, a lone form will cross
The barren mountain chain that binds me in,
But when he hears my melancholy voice,
Aye, even before my feeble words begin,

He flies me, as some noisome pestilence ;
No word of greeting falls upon my sense—
No sound of that bright, busy world, from whence
They scourged me forth ; nought but the memory
Of sweet and bitter thoughts that will not die !
Thoughts that come crowding, till my wearied brain,
Like a most intricate and tangled skein,
Can scarce remove the pleasures from the pain.
Thou askest to hear my tale ; alas ! 'tis filled
 With such deep misery 't will seem unreal,
And I, most gentle stranger, am unskilled
 In all the soothing flow of words that steal
Upon the hearer's soul ; yet I will tell
All that my heart remembers but too well.

THE LEPER'S STORY.

I sprang from the princely Maccabees, (6)
They who, when Judea, gasping, lay
The sport of Antioch's tyrannies,
Showed their faint brethren the first ray
That led through freedom to their God,
Though dark and steep the path they trod.
I sprung from that high, kingly race,
Proud of my pure Asmonean blood,
Proud of the height on which I stood—
The power of my exalted place ;
And proud that my unblemished name
Had never known a tinge of shame.

I was the last, save one fair flower
That grew and blossomed by my side,
Like me in all things but my pride—
My quenchless thirst of fame and power.
And she was dear—oh ! dearer far
Than aught that bears an earthly name ;
Like the sweet light of some bright star,
Was that most pure and holy flame.
I treasured her far, far above
All objects of an earthly love,
And through my bright, but brief career,
My every feeling was for her.

I said that we two were alone
Of all our line ; but there was one
Who also claimed our lineage,
Whose name has graced our history's page,

And whose high, daring, deeds are known
Wherever Judah's star has shone.
I loved him well ; but he was wild,
In anger, like the tameless Pard,
Wayward and wilful as a child,
Nor recked he of the world's regard.
Never was Phasael known to bend
To human being, foe or friend ;
But, though vindictive, he was brave ;
He would have stormed a tower to save
One whom he loved, or leveled low
That bristling tower to reach a foe.

His wild ambition mated mine—
Yet, when he sought my sister's hand,
Though he was highest of our band,
And we were last of our proud line,
I feared to trust my gentle dove
To his untamed, capricious love.
He urged it not ; but from that hour
He who in battle-field had stood
Close by my side and shared my power,
And was the nearest of my blood,
Became at once my fellest foe ;
And I have ample cause to know
How deep and deadly was the blow.

Thou seest a goodly country, spread
With hill, and vale, and flowery plain—
For less than these mankind have bled,
Nor deemed the sacrifice in vain ;

But look abroad o'er all that space,
Even from the lonely wilderness,
Till Tyre and Sidon claim their place,
Each spot recalls God's holiness—
Each scene recalls some joy or woe,
Until our final overthrow.

On *Ebal's* Mount, whose summits pierce (7)
Almost into the cloudless sky,
In angry accents, loud and fierce,
Was read the curse ; while, from on high,
Gerizim sent an answering tone
To that bleak mount of barren stone ;
And all the wildly solemn glen,
With sounds it never heard till then,
Gave answer to their deep amen !

On *Shiloh's* plain God's holy ark (8)
Gave strength and courage to our race,
Till storms arose and tempests dark
Destroyed each consecrated place ;
And *Aphek's* bloody battle-field (9)
First taught our hardy sires to yield.
Nebo, that silent, mystic spot, (10)
Where he, their glorious leader died,
Although his name is unforgot,
The rallying point of Israel's pride ;
Yet is his burial place unknown,
Unmarked by tree, or shrub, or stone.

Each dreary spot, now lonely and decaying,
Teems with the memories of our warlike race,

And scenes where now the Roman hordes are straying,
Making a desert of our dwelling-place,
Are linked with thoughts that this once sacred sod,
Was the pure dwelling of the living God ;
How crushed, how fallen, it boots not now to tell,
Each spot recalls the fatal truth too well.

Masada, thy ensanguined hue, (11)
Tells of the bravery of thy sons ;
Oh ! match it, ye who scorn the Jew,
Who deem no noble current runs
Within his veins ; compare with this
Your proudest deeds of high renown,
They sink beside this sacrifice.

Masada ! when thy sun went down
It left a glorious ray of light,
That should have led Judea on
To brave the terrors of her night,
Until her holy cause was won.

Jotapato and Gerizim, (12)
Tarichia, Jappha, Gamala, (13)
Each like a blasted, stricken limb,
Was severed from the trunk away,
Severed, and bleeding silently
Beneath a tyrant's cruelty.

Jerusalem ! thy oft-told tale (14)
Of cruel wrong and treachery,
Still haunts each lonely, silent vale ;
While dreams of glory yet to be,

Proud days of triumph yet to come,
Still chain the sufferer near his home.

Glory ! when thy brave sons awaken
From their long sleep of grief and shame,
With hope undimmed and faith unshaken,
To add new lustre to thy name—
Though fallen and vanquished, still to thee
The sorrowing heart turns pleadingly.

Oh ! mournful mother, who hast wept
So long o'er thy bright joys departed,
What lonely vigils have been kept
By thee, forlorn and broken-hearted ;
With scarce a ray of hope to bless
Thy bosom's aching loneliness.

Bowed down beneath a weight of shame,
Dishonored, stricken, and opprest,
The power of thy once queenly name
Became a by-word and a jest.

Dishonored ! thou, Jerusalem !
How can a Hebrew speak that word ?
Though fallen is thy diadem,
Though in thy sacred halls is heard
No longer the consoling prayer
Which raised our hearts above despair,
Though we, thy once-loved children wait
Like aliens, where once we reigned,
Nor dare approach thy hallowed gate,
By Roman cruelty profaned ; (15)

Oh ! still a sacred thing thou art,
 Cherished above all earthly power—
 Dearer to every faithful heart,
 Even in thy most degraded hour,
 Than aught to which the fancy clings,
 In all our earthly wanderings.

'Tis known how Adrian's power dispelled,
 For a brief space, our fiery zeal,
 But for each living drop that well'd
 From wounds impressed by Roman steel,
 Fierce, burning, thoughts of vengeance rose
 Confused, bewildering, undefined,
 Against our hated, ruthless foes,
 Whose force and treachery, both combined
 To wring the heart already wrung,
 To crush a fall'n and helpless foe.
 And we, almost to madness stung
 By many a dark and savage blow,
 Prepared for vengeance fell and deep ;
 Could courage die, or manhood sleep,
 While such foul deeds offended heaven ?
 Daily some tender tie was riven—
 Some helpless victim forc'd to be
 The sport of Roman cruelty !

All the deep, deadly wrongs which we had borne,
 Gathered around our hearts and rankled there,
 And soon fresh insults came with added scorn,
 And we were doomed a heavier yoke to bear.
 We were forbid to worship Israel's God—
 To lift our humble voices to His throne,

And pray for strength beneath the chastening rod !

We, his once chosen ones, his loved, his own,
Who, weak and wayward as we ofttimes were,

Still taught our children all that He had done,

When Israel's sons were his peculiar care ;

And fondly hoped to lead them up to Him,

Before a shadow of Rome's gods could dim

The pure and holy faith that He had given

To lead his weak and erring ones to heaven.

And now, must our night close without a star

To guide us on our dark and dreary path ;

Would heaven vouchsafe no mercy from afar,

To stem the torrent of our conqueror's wrath ?

Burchocab arose ! and a sound went forth (17)

From East and from West, from South and from

North,

From the sea to the desert a cry arose,

Of vengeance and death to our treacherous foes.

We had borne their insults and tyranny long,

But now ! blood for blood, and fierce wrong for wrong ;

No longer we raised the once spirited cry

That had led our brave fathers to victory ;

Who shrank not from scarpian, balista, or sword,

When that war-cry arose, "For the house of the

Lord." (18)

That glorious house was razed to earth,

'Mid Roman mockery,

Yet Judea led her thousands forth,

To conquer or to die.

Again we dreamed of conquest near,
And fields of glory won—
Again would Judah's war-cry cheer
Her swaying myriads on.
Yes, we would see the glorious day
When humbled Rome should sue—
Should bend beneath the iron sway
Of the insulted Jew.

But ere Barchocab's power had gained its height,
Ere the eventful day arose, which shed
Its first bright ray of hope to gild our night,
A cloud had gathered o'er my fated head.
Phasaël, in hate to me, had joined with those
Whom he well knew to be my fellest foes.
Wild, lawless, men had thronged on every side,
And joined to aid us in our desperate cause—
Alas! too soon was the commingling tide
Borne on beyond the reach of human laws.
Cyrene and Egypt poured a countless horde
To swell our ranks; the Gentile and the Jew—
Those joined us for the license which the sword
Gives to the many o'er the helpless few.
And these poor, helpless outcasts, these to win,
By their best hearts' blood drenching mount and plain,
A name, a home, a resting-place within
The sacred precincts of their holy fane.

I led, as I was wont, the brave and tried,
They who had oft shared perils by my side,
Faithful companions on the battle field,
The foremost in the fight, the last to yield.

Oh! had each bosom borne as brave a heart,
Had each one dared as bold and fearless part
As those I'led, Rome would not triumph now,
Nor wear her glories with unblushing brow.
But I disowned the self-styled prophet's claim,
And failed to yield my homage to his name.
This, Phasael urged, "was traitorous to God's laws,
Wresting the mighty power by Heaven sent
To aid this holy and most righteous cause,
From Coziba, its lawful instrument." (19)

Amongst them I had many foes ;
Even Akiba, the wise and good, (20)
Strove by wrong measures to oppose
All who the prophet's claim withstood ;
Though wise and prudent, even he
Denounced my conduct publicly.
I saw in all Phasael's hatred now,
He had designed my total overthrow,
And showed by every act of his fierce will,
The deep design to crush me lower still.
He even dared to urge the Shammata, (21).
That heaviest doom in our most rigorous law—
And if his own dark, wicked will had power,
He would have sent me, with that awful curse,
Forth from the world to solitude far worse
Than even this ; that curse which in death's hour
Close bars the worlds of everlasting bliss,
And gives the wretch no gleam of hope in this.

I heeded not his idle boasts
That he could tame my towering pride ;

With my brave soldiers by my side,
I would have dared proud Adrian's hosts—
But a dull illness seized my frame,
Labored and thick my breathing came,
And my strained eye-balls seemed on flame;
A sense of some o'ershadowing ill—
A dim, foreboding feeling crept
Across my heart with sudden chill;
It seemed my very spirit slept,
So mute, so checked and powerless
Was every feeling of my soul—
So calm, so cold and passionless
The waves of being seemed to roll,
Until the tide ebbed back again
With a redoubled sense of pain.

How can my feeble tongue essay
To tell thee all that then befel?
I was a leper! from that day
Unfitted with my kind to dwell;
Henceforth an outcast from my race,
The wilderness my dwelling-place,
No voice to soothe, no eye to bless,
With word or look, my loneliness.

"Leper pass forth!" until my dying day
Those words will sound in horror on my ear!
"Leper pass forth!" and like affrighted deer
The gathering crowd fled hurriedly away.
They! whom my voice had led in battle hour;
They! who had sought me in my day of pride,

Shrunk back and fled in terror from my side.

And *I!* oh, never in my pride and power
Had I passed by them with as haughty brow,
And firm, unyielding front, as I passed now ;
For I was of a proud and princely line,
And ill could brook to be that thing of dread,
From whom all shrunk as from the poisonous vine,
That rains its death-showers on the wanderer's head.

I could not bend my haughty soul to earth,
And meekly bear my weight of misery ;
'Twas madness to my brain to be cast forth,
And my heart torn from all things dear to me.
They doomed me to a *living death* ; the foes

Who now would triumph in my overthrow,
Would glut their vengeance in my coming woes,
And glory that disease had sped the blow.
All this I knew, and yet I strove to quell .

The bitter workings of my wrathful mood,
Until I reached a lonely, leafy dell,
Then plunging in its gloomy solitude,
Turned, like a hunted beast at bay, on all
Who, fiend-like, dared to triumph o'er my fall.

Stranger ! there are dark moments, when
The heart could burst its narrow bound,
And, flinging back the scorn of men,
Repay in like the deep-felt wound,
Or break in the attempt. My prayer,
When I was hurried to despair—
When God had laid his hand on me,
Was fraught with bitter agony.

I shudder now when I recall
The words my foul lips uttered there—
So wild, so impious, breathing all
My bitter hatred of mankind,
As if their power had wrought my fall,
And clouded my benighted mind.
And when I heard the trumpet-sound
Far over rock, and wood, and dell,
I cast me, helpless, on the ground,
And struggled fearfully to quell
The thoughts that made my breast a hell.
In vain ! reflection only gave,
In all around, above, beneath,
A horrible and lingering death,
With none to pity, none to save.

I had seen battles : I had stood where foe
Meets foe in reckless, unrelenting hate ;
It was not fear of death that swayed me now,
But a foreboding of my awful fate—
Doomed to drag on my weary, *lifeless life*,
Unknown, unloved ; to know my princely name
Would never more be called in battle strife,
To turn the scale of victory ; yet the same
Undaunted spirit spoke within my breast,
In the dim, leafy, quiet of the wood,
Where the cool, murmuring streamlet lulled to rest,
And all things breathed a tone of solitude.
Aye, still the same, as when the clashing steel
Rung its wild music on my youthful ear ;
Yes, still unchanged—the same warm heart to feel,
And the wild, tameless, soul that mocked at fear.

And yet, oh, God ! chained by a foul disease,
And tortured by the memories of the past ;
Alike to me was the mild summer breeze,
Or the loud wailing of the wintry blast.
No human sound could reach mine ear, no tone
To tell me that my name was unforget—
That I was still remembered, though alone !
Alas ! no footstep ever sought the spot ;
And if a pitying eye were turned on me,
I dared not meet its welcome ray of light,
But with veiled lip that told my agony,
Banish the cheering vision from my sight.

I sought the deepest, darkest glen,
And turned me from a human form—
From aught that bore the shape of men ;
And if at times a feeling warm
Arose within my wretched breast,
'Twas but a single moment's rest.
Dark thoughts, wild, fearful and profane,
Came crowding—a most hideous mass—
O'er my bewildered, stricken brain ;
I saw strange shapes, that seemed to pass
In horrid mockery of my madness,
Laughing my wretchedness to scorn—
My misery their theme of gladness ;
And if at times a sound was borne
By the sweet wind, methought it came
Coupled with my dishonored name,
Although perchance, 'twas but the lay
Of some rude shepherd of the dell,

Beguiling thus his homeward way,
Or some lone loiterer at a well,
Or the shrill Tahlehl—still to me (22)
It bore the sound of mockery.

Even when this frantic mood was past,
For such wild torture could not last;
Even then, how fruitlessly I strove
To wrench my heart from human love—
A sweet, soft voice would come between
Each burst of feeling unsubdued,
An angel form be ofttimes seen,
And change my fiercest, wildest mood.
Yes! I have fancied, when at even
Day's glories struggled to depart,
I saw between me and yon heaven,
A form, that to my tortured heart,
Was dearer than a monarch's throne—
My loved! my Miriam! my own!
'Twas but a fever'd dream, and then
All my wild frenzy come again,
Oh! fearful strife of soul and sense,
Battling with Omnipotence.

Thus wandered I for many an hour,
Through blooming field and lofty wood,
Within my heart that sinful power
Perverting all things bright and good;
Till once—'t was on a Sabbath eve—
With throbbing brow I turned to gaze
Upon a scene whose joys will leave
Their impress on my darkest days:

I saw from far our holy men,
With that pale, mystic skein, whose thread (23)
Warns all to cease from labor, when
Its hue assumes a deeper shade ;
While others, with calm, holy mien,
Measured their Sabbath journey o'er,
And all within that hallowed scene
Recalled the memories of yore ;
When I, like them, could welcome in
The holy Sabbath. Labor plied
His lusty arm, and mirth and din
Awoke the air, till eventide
Spread its grey mantle far and wide ;
Then, as the shades of night increased,
A silence fell on dale and hill,
The sounds of mirth and labor ceased,
The fire was quenched, the forge was still ;
Then, in that dim, mysterious hour,
Memory resumed her wonted power,
I bowed my head and breathed to heaven
An humble prayer to be forgiven.
I formed this rude, secluded hut
Here in the bosom of the wood,
And learned in this lone, quiet spot,
In silence and in solitude,
To bear the misery of my lot.

With trembling steps I sought each flower that bloom'd
In wild luxuriance in this lonely place,
And, by my culture, their fair hues assumed
A warmer coloring and a richer grace.

The Hemasagara showed its buds of gold, (24)
Which, when the breeze awoke their beauties, roll'd
Their glittering crests in mimic majesty,
Like sunlight glancing on the rippling sea.
The graceful Lotus, elsewhere cold and pale,
Gleamed blood-red in this solitary vale ; (25)
Here the pale Cistus glanced with golden eye,
The ruby-colored Arum reared its head,
And the Turquoise as blue as summer sky,
Around my lonely path a perfume shed.
Here, too, I found the Rose of Jericho,
The water-lily clad in heavenly blue,
And its pale sister in a robe of snow,
Sweet blushing buds of every shape and hue.
Violets that breathe a spell with their sweet breath,
And Tulips in their rich array of pride,
All blossomed in this lonely vale of death ;
Hideous companionship ! here, side by side,
Were fell disease and Nature's sweetest store,
So sweet the heart could scarcely ask for more—
Yet each one showed me, by its swift decay,
How frail are all things of a mortal birth,
They bloom and blossom for a little day,
Then sink forgotten to their parent earth.

Time glided on, and, as the waves of ocean,
After a troubled conflict, sink to rest,
Leaving no traces of the fierce commotion,
So had a calm succeeded in my breast.
Time glided on ; when, on a dewy eve—
Oh ! well and faithfully my heart recalls

That *one* bright thread in the dark web I weave,
The only spot on which the sunlight falls.
Upon that glowing summer eve, methought
The flowers did yield a sweeter fragrance up,
And the declining sunbeam, as it caught
The glowing beauty of each odorous cup,
Lingered, as loth to leave a scene so fair—
And as I listened to the murmuring bees
That bore their sweets along the summer air,
Or 'mid the amra or acacia trees,
Hymned to the God of Life their evening prayer—
A sound, like a faint footfall, caught my ear,
And fearful lest some stranger might intrude,
Some heedless step might venture all too near
The lonely leper in his solitude—
I strove to warn them hence, when a sweet sound,
A silver voice, shed joy and music round.

“Jechiel!” it cried, and o’er my throbbing brain
Thoughts of my former madness came again;
“Jechiel! Jechiel!” those trembling accents came
Like summer dew upon a fading flower—
That voice, oh, God! throughout my sinking frame,
Aye, thro’ my heart, and brain, and soul, its power
Came, breathing life. “Brother and friend, I come
To share thy lonely, isolated home—
A leper like thyself, cast out like thee,
From all earth’s joys, to death and misery.”

She came, a blighted and plague-stricken thing,
But dearer to my heart than aught that earth,

In its most lavish moods, has given birth,
Of bright and beautiful to which we cling.
To me, the light of that dear sister's smile
Was like a green spot in the wilderness,
Or to the weary seaman, some bright isle
Springing amid the ocean's loneliness,
When his storm-shattered vessel ill can brave
The rude, tempestuous wrath of the wild wave.

I mourned that she was cast aside,
Like a storm-bent and withered flower—
She, who had been a source of pride
And pleasure in life's sunny hour ;
I grieved for this, but oh ! I drew
So much of heartfelt happiness
From her sweet presence, that I grew
Jealous of every look or tone,
That seemed to mourn for pleasures gone.
Then blame me not for selfishness,
Thou, who hast always lived 'mong men,
Around whose path no tempests lower,
Whose love has been returned again—
Thou can'st not fathom the full power
Of that pure, deep, untiring love,
So unlike aught on this vile earth,
And far more meet for souls above,
Than for a child of mortal birth.

Oh ! there was not one earthly stain
In that deep love ; I would have given

My body to the fiercest pain,
To make this earth for her a heaven,
Or free her from the cold world's scorn ;
And, like the scape-goat, doomed to bear
The sins of others, would have borne,
Have freely borne, her every care,
Her every sorrow, so that she
No earthly pain or grief might share,
Nor dream of blight and misery.

It seemed to me that she had brought
Back to my heart some long lost link
Of the mysterious chain of thought—
For I had long since ceased to think
Of worldly joys; she brought again
My feelings to their earthly tone ;
I felt that I was not alone.
Though banished from the homes of men,
I still was bound by human ties,
I still had human sympathies.

I learned from her that all our pride—
City, and town, and tower, fell
From the pretended prophet's side ;
Bither alone remained to tell (26)
Whether his heavenly claim was just,
Or sink his memory in the dust.
Bither ! my failing eyes must see
The issue of that fearful day,
And note the fall or victory,
The happiness or misery,
Of those who joined the fray.

O'er hill and vale we journeyed long,
Until we reached Bethoran's side,
And the broad landscape spreading wide,
Where Judah's lion, borne in pride,
Had been the theme of Judah's song ;
But now it met our tearful gaze,
The withered wreck of former days.
Alas ! for Israel's humbled pride,
The glory of her ancient name—
Her fame was lost, her power defied,
The very night-winds breathed her shame—
A stranger hand was tearing now
The last fair jewel from her brow.

'Twas midnight ! From Bethoran's hill
We saw their watch-fire gleaming far ;
The murmurs of the breeze were still,
And the night waned without a star ;
Naught but that pale and glimmering light
That streamed thus faintly on the night,
As if the heavens had darkened o'er,
Prophetic of our coming doom,
When that pale light should gleam no more,
And Israel's lamp be quenched in gloom.

We oft had tried the Roman power—
God grant it in the coming hour,
And give to that devoted band
The freedom of their native land !
Oh ! for a Joshua's power to keep
That stronghold from the coming foe,

We watched it from the mountain steep,
From midnight hour till morning's glow ;
We watched it—oh ! what words can prove
How my soul longed to see the day,
As if my voice could once more move
My myriads forward to the fray.
With swelling heart and straining eye,
Panting with terror, I beheld
Rome rushing on to victory,
And Judah's dream of hope dispell'd !

Ask me not now to tell again
The horrors of that fearful war,
When hill and valley, town and plain,
For years their blood-stained raiment wore. (27)
Mine eyes beheld Judea's hapless sons
Barter'd like beasts, to glut their victor's pride ; (28)
Talk not to me of mercy ; while there runs
One drop of Jewish blood, may't, like a tide,
Increase in strength, to pay with tenfold power
The bitter memory of that cruel hour.

But I must haste, or the now rising sun
Will warn thee hence before my tale is done.
Three years had pass'd since *she* first sought my hut,
Shedding a light like that of Paradise,
Around this lonely, melancholy spot,
And gladdening life with those love-beaming eyes.
If I had worshipped her pure innocence
When the bright world was a gay dream before me,

Oh ! think for one brief moment, how intense

Was my love now, with death's dark shadow o'er me.
Together oft we wandered side by side,
At early dawn or dewy eventide,
To breathe the fragrance of the balmy air,
And offer to our God our daily prayer ;
Together always, for it seemed to me
She was a part of my vitality.

Her very footfall had a soothing spell—

Her every look and tone sunk in my soul ;
How often, when the evening shadows fell,
Have we sat here and watched the bright clouds roll
To grace the sun's departing majesty,
Imagining strange figures in the sky,
Peopling it with our fancies, till the gray
Dim twilight came and swept our dreams away.

And then as each bright, glittering star arose,

We would recall some legend of our youth,
Or mourn our crushed and ruined country's woes,
And pray that God would send the light of truth
To gild her loneliness. And once I drew
From those dear lips a melancholy tale
Of grief and suffering. Over hill and vale
The summer moon a veil of silver threw,
When she, like that lone, solitary flower, (29)
Which hides its sweets from the bright eye of day,
And sheds its perfume 'neath the moon's pale ray,
Revealed her soul in that calm, holy hour,

And breathed her tale upon my listening ear ;
And as I heard, and shuddering wept, to hear,
I curs'd the maddened folly that could bring
On that dear head such grief and sorrowing.

She loved ! Oh ! must the fatal words be said ?
She loved—and whom ? Phasael ! that one of all
Who triumphed most over my fearful fall !
Yet, when I listened to that tearful story,
Told me with all her woman's truthfulness,
I marvelled how my idle dream of glory
Had shut my heart to tenderness like this ;
And I shed bitter tears to think that I
Had wrought on one I loved such heartfelt misery.

She died ! I cannot tell thee how or when ;
'Twould rack with torture my poor, failing brain—
Thou, too, the last sweet solace given,
Wilt leave this lone, deserted spot,
And when on life's dark ocean driven,
Say, will my story be forgot ?
Wilt thou, when in thine own loved clime,
With all that heaven has sent to cheer thee,
Recall this solemn hour of time,
With a foul leper seated near thee ?
Aye, thou may'st tell how Judea's hills
Enclose within their rocky bound,
One in whose breast a country's ills
Have left a more than mortal wound.
But one who would not, tho' he be
A leper, loathsome to the sense,

A thing of blight and misery,
Yet would not, if he could, fly hence
To fairer lands, and be again
All he has ever been 'mong men.
No! dear the thought to know my dust
Shall rest on ground where they, the just
And righteous of our race have died,
Whose names are still Judea's pride.

Thou say'st thy skill has power to save
The plague-struck sufferer from the grave—
Not for the wealth the world can give
Would I accept that boon and live!
Why should I live? there breathes not one
Would welcome me to life again;
Her earthly pilgrimage is done,
She, the last link of the strong chain
That bound my spirit unto earth;
And they from whom I claimed my birth,
All, all are gone who once were dear,
And I am left to struggle on,
With not a human voice to cheer
Life's desert with a kindly tone.

Why should I live? my country's hopes are gone—
Vanished the draught of glory which she tasted;
The once proud splendor of her sun is down,
And all her treasures on the desert wasted.
Shall I again her fertile gladness see?
Shall Ophir's gold or Lebanon's proud tree,
Bring back her former glory unto me?

No ! cold and desolate for ages yet
Our loved and consecrated land must lie—
For ages shall the dews of heaven wet
The dreary waste with tear-drops from the sky.
And yet it is a glorious thing to be
So near the scenes made holy by our God—
To tread again the paths our fathers trod,
And dream of freedom, Israel, for thee !

Years passed. Once more the traveler sought the glen ;
It bloomed a wilderness of tangled flowers ;
The little brook still sung and smiled, as when
He listened to the leper's tale. For hours
He sat that eve beneath the fragrant vine,
But sat alone ! that fiery heart was stilled ;
The wild ambition of his haughty line
Had sunk to sleep. And tho' his voice had thrill'd
His gallant warriors on the battle-field,
'Twas silent now. Unburied he had lain,
Until his bones, bleached by the wind and rain,
Lay whitening there, a ghastly heap, concealed
In part by the wild flowers that bloomed above
The humble grave of her, his early love.
There was no human sight nor sound,
A solemn stillness reigned around,
Unbroken by a human tone,
In that sweet valley dark and lone.
How mournfully each silent spot
Recalls the memory of a God—
But who can press Judea's sod,
And deem its chosen race forgot ?

The solemn history of the past
Speaks feelingly into the heart ;
And though their sky be overcast,
Yet shall the memory ne'er depart,
Of promises that still can bless
'Mid slavery and wretchedness.

The heart expands to view those scenes, (30)
Made bright by memories of yore ;
And tho' the storm-cloud intervenes,
Yet will we prize those glories more,
When the dark mystic veil is rent away,
And Judah wakens from her dream of shame—
From her deep night of grief, to brightest day,
Once more the proud possessor of a name !

PREFACE TO ZARA.

The following extract, upon which the poem of *Zara* is based, is from the pen of E. L. MITFORD, Esq., author of an appeal in behalf of the Jewish nation. I have presumed upon a poet's privilege, and have, for various reasons, transferred the scene of the catastrophe from Fez to Constantinople.

"I will narrate a case," says MR. MITFORD, "which took place at Tangier, and with which I was, therefore, well acquainted. The individual sufferer was an interesting Jewess, of respectable family, residing at Tangier; and much is it to be regretted that our Consul-General had not influence—or, if he did possess any, that he did not exert it—to avert the horrid catastrophe.

"This young creature was summoned before the Cadi, by two Moors, who deposed to her having pronounced their confession of faith. This, however, she utterly denied, but in vain; and the Cadi had no alternative, even had he possessed the inclination, but to decree her conformity to Islamism, on pain of death. I was never able to obtain correct information as to whether the witnesses were actuated by sinister motives, or whether the poor girl really did repeat the fatal words in jest. There is, doubtless, much friendly intercourse between

the Jews and the better-disposed Moors, in which gossip and jesting are sometimes carried beyond the verge of safety, considering the relative position of the parties. Again, in a scriptural language like the Arabic, in which the name of God so constantly occurs, there are many ejaculations repeatedly uttered by the Jews which approach very near to this formula, and might, therefore, be mistaken for it. Be this as it may, the affair was of too serious a nature to be passed over lightly by the Jewish community, who at least deserve the credit of uniting for mutual protection, and, consequently, every exertion was made, but unsuccessfully, by influence and money, to crush it in the bud. It had, however, become too public not to reach the ears of Malai Abderahman, to whose decision it was, therefore, referred, and the parties repaired to Fez for that purpose.

“Whatever might have influenced her accusers, there could be no doubt of the motive of the Sultan in enforcing the decree, which was, to obtain another plaything for his harem; in fact, so well known was his character in that respect, that, from the moment of her being ordered to his presence, no one expected any other result—for few possibly imagined, nor did the Sultan himself, that she would have courage to brave the alternative, rather than abandon the faith of her fathers. Such, however, was the case. She was first sent to the Serail, where every means were employed to shake her constancy; threats, blandishments, and the most brilliant promises, were tried by turns, and were equally unsuccessful. Even her relations were

allowed to see her, to endeavor by their persuasions to divert her from her resolution; but, with a firmness which, against such assaults, could have been the effect only of the deepest conviction, this young and noble creature held fast her integrity, and calmly chose a horrible, though honorable death, to the enjoyment of an ignominious existence of shame and infamy.

"The Jews came forward with offers of immense sums of money to save her, but her fate was irrevocably decided, and the only mercy the baffled tyrant could afford his young and innocent victim, was to allow of her being decapitated, instead of being burnt alive. I had an account of the closing scene from an eye-witness, who was one of the guards at the execution—and although, as a body, there is nowhere a more dissolute set of irregular soldiery than the Morocco Moors, yet he confessed to me that many of his vice-hardened companions could not restrain their tears, and that he himself could not look with dry eyes on a sight of such cold-blooded atrocity.

"This beautiful young creature was led out to where a pile ready for firing had been raised for her last couch, her long, dark hair flowing dishevelled over her shoulders, she looked around in vain for a heart and hand that could succor, though so many eyes pitied her; for the last time she was offered—with the executioner and the pyre in all their terror before her—her life, on condition of being false to her God: she only asked for a few minutes for prayer, after which her throat was cut by the executioner, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and her body consumed on the fire."

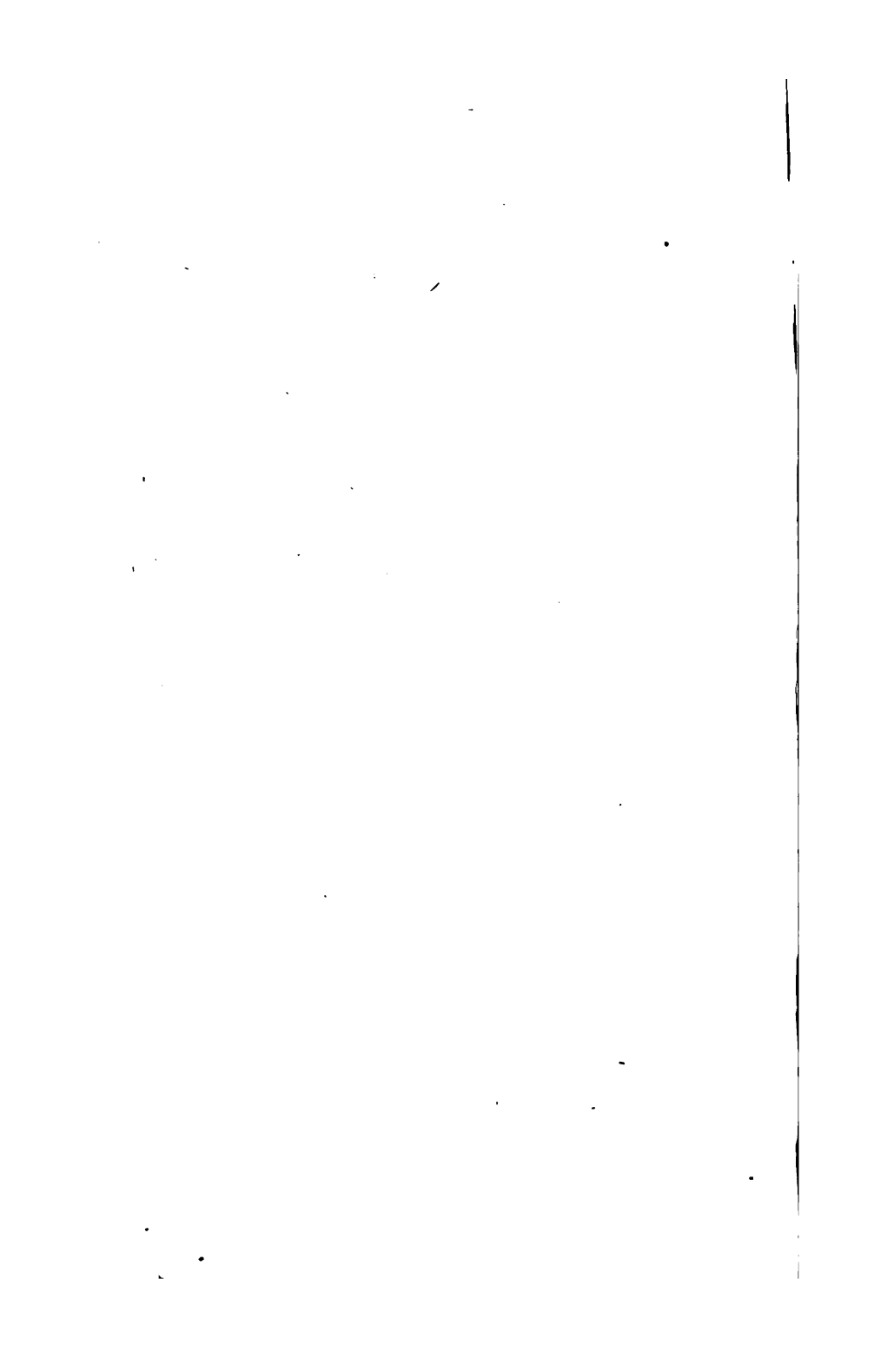
INTRODUCTION.

Oh, harp of Judah, thou beloved so long,
A feeble hand essays thy notes again,
And thou returnest in answer to the song,
Fraught with deep sadness, a low, wailing strain ;
A mournful murmur swells, as if in pain,
Along thy chords. Oh ! melancholy lyre,
Let not those notes reverberate in vain,
But let the mournful strain, ere it expire,
Pervade my trembling soul with its ethereal fire.

Oh, harp ! how has thy lofty spirit slept,
Thou, whose proud strings once thrill'd 'neath kingly
hands,
That told of Israel's sorrows when she wept,
Her triumphs when she burst her conquerors' bands ;
Then swelled the choral notes to distant lands,
And songs of triumph borne upon the air,
Proclaimed to all that He, whose love withstands
The many sins to which frail man is heir,
Had stooped in mercy down to hear the captive's prayer.

But now, no powerful hand essays thy string,
No loudly swelling note responds in pride ;
Weak and uncertain is the lay I sing,

And faint and mournfully hast thou replied—
An humble meed we bring to her who died
For the pure faith she loved ; but the sad lay,
Rude though its numbers be, let none deride ;
Fain would an unskilled hand point out the way,
To lead their steps aright, who from fair wisdom stray.



Z A R A .

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."—SCOTT.

'Tis midnight in Stamboul ! the radiant light
Of the soft moon gilds minaret and tower,
And the deep stillness of the silent night
Is fraught with poetry. In such an hour,
Can fierce and angry passions wield their power ?
Can wayward thoughts or sinful wishes feed
The human heart ? Alas, the simplest flower
Might teach to erring man, *whate'er his creed*,
A lesson fraught with truth that all who list may read.

'Tis midnight ! yet from many a lattice gleams
A flood of golden light, and all is gay
Within Namouna's bower ; bright, sparkling beams,
And sounds of merry laughter, and the play
Of fragrant fountains, whose soft, cooling spray,
Falls like a gentle shower of summer rain,
Scattering its sweets around, and in the ray
Of brightly beaming lamps, flashes again
In rainbow brightness o'er that fair and joyous train.

There is one form amid the festal throng,
Whose step is lightest in the mazy dance,
And whose rich voice is sweetest in the song,
Whose eye, out-sparkling all in its wild glance,
Seemeth to know the witchery to entrance,
And make all hearts her own, as by a spell—
While innocence and purity enhance
Charms that might win a hermit from his cell,
Or teach a Santon sage 'mong infidels to dwell.

Mahmoud had seen that peerless Hebrew maid,
Fairest of all where all were passing fair,
Had seen her, and had worshipped, but afraid
To harm one ringlet of her raven hair,
Or even in his wildest moments dare
To breathe his passion—sought by *woman's* wile
To lure her on to join the revel there ;
Thinking, if fraud or treachery could beguile
Her soul from its pure faith, the rest were easy spoil.

And well Namouna knew each crafty wile,
To soothe the unwary conscience into sleep,
With tender accent and with winning smile,
And even tears, for she could also weep
If needs must be—and her soft spells could keep
The senses prisoner, and with poison steep
The unguarded mind ; nor could their thoughts discern
How deep within her heart dark, vengeful feelings burn.

She had enticed her there in bitter hate,
But veiled her feelings beneath friendship's guise,

Displayed the royal trappings of her state,
And watched the effect in the unfeigned surprise
That lighted up those dark and liquid eyes,
When first the regal splendor met their view ;
It seemed like a faint dream of paradise
To Zara, gazing on a scene so new,
She deems it all a dream too gorgeous to be true.

Ropes of rare orient pearl festoon the folds
Of mist-like drapery of pale, amber dye ;
A vast shell-fashioned golden basin holds
The silver flood; that, rushing toward the sky, (1)
Rains back in glittering diamond drops, while high,
Rearing their polished heads to that proud dome,
Pillars of porphyry and jasper vie,
With western sunlight on the ocean's foam,
That brings the sea-tost mariner bright dreams of home.

Through the quaint lattice-bars the moonlight falls
On flashing gems of rarest beauty, wove
In shape of every flower whose hue recalls
Thoughts of the fresh pure earth, and early love ;
While in each cloud-like, canopied alcove,
Hang lamps like the faint inside of a shell,
Rose-tinted and gold-veined, whose every move
Sends forth a sound like a far distant bell,
Heard on a dewy eve in some lone, woody dell.

The fairy luxury of bower and hall,
The Musnud thickly gemmed, the inlaid floor,
And the rich treasures of the pictured wall,

The glittering gold and azure belt that bore
The Koran's holy text, and circled o'er
That gorgeous spot, like heaven's vault of light—
All formed a scene whose likeness ne'er before
In any shape or guise had met her sight,
And proved to her young mind a source of deep delight.

Where'er she moves, they, with cold, jealous eyes,
Gaze on her fatal gift of beauty, rare
Even in that clime, where, as for Paradise
Are culled earth's loveliest of bright and fair.
And when the Muezzin calls to midnight prayer,
Namouna urges her to join the rest,
With all her suasive words and seeming care,
As tho' a mother made that mild request—
Strange feelings stirred within that young and artless
breast.

"Thy faith is like our own," Namouna said ;
"There is no God but God—that prayer is thine,
And it is ours ; thy mother, when she prayed,
Taught thy young voice to hymn that sacred line,
And as she taught, let now the task be mine ;
While others seek the Frank's bewildering creed,
Let it be mine to watch the fragile vine
She tended with such care, lest some foul deed
Sap the young root and leave the tender plant to bleed."

Lightly to others' words she laughing gave
A quick response ; but when Namouna spoke,
With that sweet voice so tremulous and grave,

She turned attentively—and thoughts awoke
Of that fair clime, where, 'neath oppression's yoke,
Her sainted mother died. And the bright sod,
Earth's bosom, blushed with the fierce deeds that
broke,
Lawless and wild, beneath a bigot's rod ;
Her voice responds to theirs, "There is no God but
God." (2)

"Mahomet is his prophet !" It is well.
The prayer is done, and now she joins the lay,
In which her voice steals o'er them, like the spell
The Bulbul leaves at the decline of day
Around his favorite rose, who, when the gray,
Dim twilight comes, raises her drooping form,
Unmindful how the sunbeams pale away—
While, pantingly, she listens for that warm
And gushing melody, that soothes her like a charm.

Already has the wily tempter's art—
Ah ! fondly trusting and too simple maid—
Woven its spells around thy childlike heart ;
Thou seest not the secret snare they laid—
Thou'rt like a fluttering bird, who in the shade
Of leafy forest sings, while the death aim
Is level'd at its heart ; thou hast repaid
In thy sweet notes, what e'en would savage tame,
Or quell the darkest deed that human heart could frame.

Within the precincts of that gay hareem,
Were other forms than met fair Zara's eye,
And though all bright and innocent did seem,

Their harmless mirth and childlike revelry,
For other eyes and ears were watching high,
Eager to catch one stray, unguarded word,
That might betray her soul in her reply.
Ah! little dreamed that fair and guileless bird,
When those few words she spoke, that other ears had
heard.

The night is well nigh spent, and one by one
The lovely revellers retire to rest,
And she is left in her gay bower alone,
The ringing laugh, scarce ended, which the jest,
Mirth-born, provoked. And now the glittering vest
Of sable-tinted night pales in the gray
First tinge of early dawn—the slumbering West
Still wears night's livery, but the faint marked ray
Tells in the glowing East the coming hour of day.

Morn breaks at length, and from her fairy-bower
She watched the last star's lingering ray depart ;
Why in the calm, gray twilight of that hour,
Creeps such a sudden chill across her heart?
She who so late had borne the blithest part
Among that laughing group, sits silent there,
Dreaming, she scarce knows what. Why does she
start,
As the dull Muezzin's morning call to prayer
Comes with its solemn tone on the soft balmy air ?

Namouna sought her side, but even her low,
Sweet, pleasing voice, fell strangely on her ear ;

It seemed as if a sense of coming woe

Crept to her heart, and chained its pulse with fear,
So strangely *now* do last night's scenes appear,
So fraught with some unfathomed mystery.

What means Namouna? "Thou art mistress here!"
"Rejoice," she said at length, "that thou art free
From that dark, erring creed, which so long fettered
thee!"

"My creed? Thou ravest! Has my soul flung back
That glorious faith, taught by a mother's tongue,
And lisped in earliest childhood? The bright track
Left by the powerful day-god, when he sprung
From out the lap of night, or midway hung
In his career, was not more pure and bright
Than that dear faith. Namouna, thou hast wrung
My heart with deepest anguish and affright,
Nor can I yet believe my ears have heard aright."

"Peace, peace!" Namouna cried, "thou ravest! thou
Wert better dead than let thy false lips speak
Those impious words; thou *darest* not break thy vow—
Mahmoud has heard thee. Hence, and let him wreak
His vengeance on her head who thus would break
Her faith with heaven." The Sultan! ha, that name
Unravels all the mystery; they would seek
That foul device to urge her on to shame;
Where could she turn for help when his dread summons
came?

Pure as a snow-flake in its midway flight,
Ere earthly touch or earthly stain defile

Its fleecy whiteness, fair as is the light

Of some lone star, whose trembling beams beguile

The dreamy poet—she whose lightest smile

Shed happiness around her—what is she ?

The storm-tost wanderer wrecked on some lone isle,

Who fain must trust his ill-made bark to sea—

Were emblem meet for her in her lone misery.

They bear her to a fair and glittering bower,

Whose gorgeous splendor palls upon the sight,

And strive with all the arts of wealth and power,

To lure her from the narrow path of right.

And then her trial came, when day and night

Her soul was racked with question and reply ;

But, though bewilder'd and perplex'd with fright,

Still true to her pure faith, they vainly try

To win her from the track by force or subtlety.

In his seraglio, moody and apart,

Young Mahmoud sat ; no stranger's eye could trace

The bitter struggle of his writhing heart,

In the cold lineaments of that pale face.

Yet his heart weeps, and strives in vain to efface

That fragile suppliant from his throbbing brain !

It will not be ! the maddening pulse keeps pace

With the wild whirlwind ; fool ! how more than vain

Were thy imagined joys, based on another's pain.

In vain his favorite tries each graceful wile,

In vain his beauteous slaves of fair Cashmere,

Strive as of yore to win their master's smile—

All sounds fall cold on his insensate ear,
He heeds not mirth nor music—a vague fear,
A shuddering sense of some impending ill,
A sound, a whisper, that he will not hear,
Presses upon his brain against his will,
And struggle as he may, the vision haunts him still !

He signs them to depart ; they know his mood,
It brooks not idle question nor reply.
“ Bear hence our mandate—be it understood
We seek our prisoner ; and thou, Zerli,
Place thou those gew-gaws such as woman’s eye
Delights to look on, that she needs must see
Our care hath left no fitting toy awry ;
And if she still disdain my gifts and me—
Ah, Allah ! no, that thought is hopeless misery.”

A lulling fountain’s gently soothing sound,
Steals with its murmuring tones o’er her sad soul,
And in the coming twilight that around
Deepens the shadows, dreamy visions stole,
Sweet thoughts come crowding on without control—
She treads again her native valleys free,
With those she loves, and fancy steepes the whole
In her elysian dye, till memory
Revels in the bright past of love and liberty.

“ Zara ! ” she starts ! that voice dispells the dream
Which for a moment brought back other days.
“ Houri ! to-night thy matchless beauties seem
Even lovelier than when last they met my gaze ;

Thou heed'st not ! know a monarch seldom prays
For mortal boon ; thou hast presumed to spurn
My proffered love ; the heart that thus repays
With coldness my love's coin, can also turn
To deadly venom'd hate the fires with which I burn.

“Now listen : hitherto my love hath kept
My lips from uttering all I have to tell,
But now, let the stern truth that only slept,
Be waken'd, and thy childish dream dispel.
But look not on me thus ! I love so well,
That my heart seems scarce strong enough to bear
Thy thrilling, searching glance, that, like a spell,
Fetters it down to earth. Beware ! beware !
Tempt not my lips to speak what thou wilt dread to hear.”

Suddenly, as by magic, while he spoke,
A thousand starry lamps flash o'er the scene,
Soft, mellowed, and subdued, their radiance broke,
And in their amber-colored light are seen
Bands of dusk, silent slaves, who glide between
Those rows of gleaming pillars ; now they meet,
And kneeling, offer her as to a queen,
Rich robes and sparkling gems, and incense sweet,
All bring their richest gifts their harem queen to greet.

But, amid flashing gems and music's tone,
Which now swells gently through that fair arcade,
Another moves with stealthy steps alone—
The headsman ! loathed wretch ! his glittering blade
An instant gleams before the affrighted maid,

Then vanishes like all that fair array—

Even like the ripples some fair child has made
Upon a lake's calm bosom, while at play ;
So gleams awhile that pageantry, so fades away.

“Zara !” the monarch murmured, “oft my tongue

Essayed to speak the words that give thee o'er
To misery, but thy pure soul so clung

To that bright vision, which can never more
Greet thy young life, that pitying, I forebore
To break the spell that solaced thy sad heart ;

Oh ! must I yield thee to that *headsman's power* ?
Wilt thou, so young and lovely as thou art,
Leave all that lures to life, and recklessly depart ?

“Thou may'st reject the love I offer thee,

Thou may'st spurn back a mighty monarch's prayer,
But in thine hour of fearful agony,

Thou wilt in vain recall the tender care
That would have shielded thee from harm. Beware !
Heed how thou lay the axe unto the stem—

I swear to thee, by Allah ! every hair
Of thy dear head more precious is than gem,
Though rarest of its kind, in Stamboul's diadem.”

“Oh ! give me back,” she cried, “the thoughts that
blest

Those happy days, ere thy dark treachery came ;
Thou hast tortured—give my fainting spirit rest,
Nor seek to lead my innocence to shame.

Oh ! by the love thou pleadest—by the flame

Which fain would lead my soul to misery,
I do conjure thee, tarnish not thy name
For a poor vassal—set thy prisoner free,
And every prayer she breathes shall blessings ask for
thee.”

“Dreamer, I tell thee it is vain! the power
That giveth life or death, lies not in me; (3)
Thy sentence is decided! in one hour
From the next sunrise must thy spirit free,
Float on through depths of vast eternity.
Whither? thou tremblest; oh, be mine the prize—
Let the deep, yearning love I bear for thee,
Win back a soul too young for Paradise,
Nor let cold bigots boast such costly sacrifice.”

“An hour from sunrise!” she exclaimed. “Oh, God!
Must my young life pass thus from the bright earth,
And all the pleasant paths my feet have trod—
My hours of innocent and guileless mirth,
Fade like a dream away? And thy lone hearth
Deserted; Father, will it never be
Again love’s shrine? Oh! thou, who from her birth
Hast guided thy child’s steps to Heaven with thee,
How wilt thou bear this weight of crushing misery?”

She stood entranced in her heart-rending woe—
The flood-gates of her stricken soul were dried!
Ah! only they who feel such grief, can know
How the heart shrinks from all the world beside,
And feels but its own woe. In vain she tried

To rally her scared senses ; no'er till now
Had she relinquished hope ; but even that died.
Yet, in her sorrows deepest tortures, when
He strove to win her back, her soul flashed forth again.

"I spurn," she cried, "thy hatred and thy love—
I trample on these gew-gaws of thy state,
By which my soul's pure mission thou would'st prove.
Monarch, I spurn and I defy thee! great
As is thy power, and fearful as thy hate,
It harms me not ; my pure thoughts soar as free
As the light, viewless winds, nor would I mate,
Trampled and death-doomed as I am, with thee,
Slave as thou art to thy vile sensual fantasy."

"Beware!" he cried, thou spurn'st the hand that fain
Would wreath a diadem around thy head ;
Oh ! heed me, and be wise ; this is the vain,
Wild outbreak of thy spirit ; now, be led
By reason's light, and heed what I have said—
I swear to make thee partner of my throne,
If thou renounce thy fatal creed, and tread
In the right path to heaven. Oh ! be mine own,
Nor leave my struggling soul thus tortured and alone.

"Without thee life is vain ; vain is the pride,
The pomp and splendor of my kingly crown,
But with thee, beauteous being, by my side,
How would my soul deride the smile or frown
Of fickle fortune. Here my heart lays down

Its wealth of earnest love, and at thy feet
Offers such homage as a queen might own ;
Thou, so obscure, unknown, nations shall greet,
And tongues of far-off climes my Zara's name repeat."

"Yes," she exclaimed, "and they shall hold the breath,
When it comes coupled with thine own, and know
That thy false lips could doom unto her death,
One who had never wrought thee bale or woe ;
And this deep, blood-dyed deed of guilt shall show,
Even as a beacon, warning others clear
Of the foul, fatal rocks that lurk below
A kingly aspect. Yes ! the world shall hear
The fate of one poor maid, whose course thy hand did
steer."

The wildest prayers that human tongue could frame,
The deepest soul-felt pleadings of despair,
The quivering lips and the dark eye of flame,
And trembling form that kneels before her there,
Move her no more than the faint breath of air,
That through the casement flings its fragrance now,
And stirs the tresses of her raven hair,
Which, cold and damp, cling to her pallid brow—
Her thoughts are not on earth, nor heeds she earthly vow.

Dawn, in its loveliest hue, when the free earth
Bounds into gladness, like a parent, kept
From the beloved sight of those whose birth
Was her sole joy : a mother who has wept
That they were severed when their spirits leapt

To meet each other ; even so does she,

Our mother earth, weep through the night which swept
Her loved ones from her sight, and in her glee
Hail the first dawn of light with song and revelry.

A gallant bark, like a fair, graceful swan,
Skims proudly o'er the light, snow-crested wave
Of the fair Bosphorus, and ere the dawn

Kisses the eyelids of the East, her brave
And gallant crew, impatient of their grave
And silent chief, turn with a wistful gaze

To that loved shore which the bright waters lave ;
They bless the fragrant breeze that round them plays,
And brings back thoughts of love, and home, and happy
days.

Sunrise ! broad over minaret and mosque,

Flashes the golden beam ! the palm that bends
Its graceful form beside the gay kiosk,

Glitters like diamonds as the light ascends ;
And every humble rivulet that wends

Its quiet, noiseless way, dimples with light,

And blesses in its murmurs Him who sends
Such gladness upon earth ; the mountain height,
Rock, tree and river, all in one glad hymn unite.

Now the light boat draws near the wished-for land ;

Away regret and fear ! friends meet again,
Eye beams on eye, hand grasps the welcome hand.

Cast to the winds remembrance of past pain,
The very air breathes forth a joyous strain ;

Hearts, throbbing fast with coming ecstasy,
Turn from the heaving billows of the main,
To meet, perchance, a gloomier destiny
Than the rude, swelling winds of the tempestuous sea.

These may be borne, the storm may pass away,
The haughty wave may ripple at the bow,
The gloomy sky, surcharged with sulphurous ray,
May beam to-morrow with its wonted glow,
But who that stakes his happiness below,
And finds it wrecked, can turn to life again
With heart as light, and with as calm a brow,
In the dark downfall of his hopes, as when
He first essayed to mount above his fellow men.

An aged, bending form, whose steps ne'er stay
For one brief moment, while the busy throng
Leap to the shore, now wends his lonely way
To that loved home, from which, though absent long,
His thoughts ne'er wandered—nay, the very song
Breathed by the oarsmen rude, seems like a spell,
A voice from home, and wakens feelings strong
And powerful within his bosom's cell,
As he returns to scenes beloved so long and well.

Reanimated by such thoughts, he speeds
To that loved spot where all his wishes lie ;
He speeds with anxious, trembling steps, nor heeds
The motley crowd, who pass each other by
With hurried step, as if some revelry,

Some passing pageant, claimed their special care ;
He heeds them not, but dreams of pleasures nigh.
What sound was that upon the summer air !
Was it his daughter's name ! why was it uttered there ?

It sounds again more near ! his senses reel !
Dare foul-mouthed slaves breathe that beloved name ?
He questions them, and many in their zeal
Betray the horrid truth ! The torrent came ;
It moved—it spread—even like the glowing flame,
Swayed by the midnight wind—the rushing tide
Swept past, nor heeded that pale, trembling frame ;
They come—their numbers swell on every side—
“As a vile wretch should die, she dies to-day !” they
cried.

On, on ! he too is borne amid the rest,
Nor strives to turn ; a fascination lies
In all around him, and within his breast
His heart lies like a corpse ; but now those eyes
Meet his ! and as the soaring eagle flies
To meet the sun, he bursts the living mass—
He clasps her to his heart—his treasured prize !
His own ! Alas, as frost-work on a glass
Melts in the morning's sun, his dreams of pleasure pass.

Who comes on bounding steed of sable hue,
Urging with fiery haste amid the throng ?
Back, back ! beware in time, ye servile crew,
'Tis Mahmoud ! fast and heedlessly along
The crowded path he bounds, as if the wrong

His *love* had wrought on one, was darker shewn
Than cruelty to others. Fierce among
The assembled crowd he spurs, nor plaintive moan,
Nor pleading prayer for pity, moves that heart of stone.

He seeks her, but his voice is faint and low,
Quelled and subdued by fear, and his strong frame
Shakes like a reed. "Fond maniac, I forego
The love I sued for; live! nor let my name
Be dimmed for future ages." His breath came
Panting and fast; terror was in his eye,
And his pale, bloodless cheek attests the same.
"Speak thou!" he cried, in his wild agony,
"Old man, whose erring creed has brought her here to
die!

"Speak to her—bid her again live for love,
Not mine! that fantasy is forever fled;
Let her but live! perchance thy words may move."
"Forbear, forbear!" with trembling voice she said,
"Oh! thou, upon whose snow-enwreathed head
This fearful weight will fall so heavily,
Could'st thou behold thy daughter's soul misled,
Her life one endless chain of misery,
Removed from her dear faith, my Father, and from
thee?

"Oh, God of Abraham, be my refuge now,
Thou to whose holy laws my soul hath clung
Unstained and undefiled, receive me, Thou,
Eternal and Omnipotent." They wrung

All hearts, those words, and fixed attention hung
Upon her voice ; so young, so fair, to die .

Dark, bearded, callous men, held up their young,
That they might gaze on her, and marvel why
So fair a thing was formed for man's cold butchery.

A moment's silence o'er that fearful spot,

A moment, and each breath is held in awe,
In that brief space each petty feud forgot ;
The multitude, obeying Nature's law,
Shrink from a sight that softest tears might draw
From sternest eyes, and teach men to forgive.

And, as a drowning wretch clings to a straw,
So through her heart and brain wild feelings strive,
And gather from that pause a hope that she may live.

"Ye shall not slay her ; she is all mine own,

The treasured relic of the buried past ;

Ye cannot leave me, aged and alone,

To battle with my griefs. Oh ! ye who cast

This agony o'er one whose life speeds fast

To the abyss of death, a broken reed,

Tremble, and turn in time, lest the fierce blast
Of a wronged father's curse to heaven shall speed,
And call down God's own vengeance on this ruthless
deed."

"Gold ! aye, a monarch's ransom shall be his,

Who frees her from this foul and unjust doom."

"Peace, peace ! if gold could bribe us, long ere this

Thy tribe had spared us all this day of gloom,

But fate, oh, Allah! how shall man presume
To counteract the just decrees of fate?

Commander of the Faithful, Thou to whom
We bow in reverence, Thy servants wait
Thy signal to dispatch her soul to Eblis' gate."

"Spare her a moment—one brief moment pause;

She yet may turn, and in this trying hour
May see the wisdom of our prophet's laws.

Zara, wilt thou not heed me?" Fiend, thy power

Availeth naught, for that fair, fragile flower,
Crushed by thy hand, uprises calm and strong;

Her pale lips move in prayer—hush, pause—they
cower,

Those abject slaves—for, o'er the assembled throng
Roll the clear liquid words of Israel's Shemong. (4)

Thus died she! Oh, in pity draw the veil,

And shut the hideous picture from the sight,
Let never mortal hear so sad a tale

As that which quenched forever the young light,
Whose being was a household's joy. Let night
Exclude forever from the face of day

The fatal hour that thus in hope's despite,
Forever blotted out that youthful ray,
And led through terror dark a parent's mind astray.

Never, from that vile, fatal hour, uprose

His sinking mind from its dull weight of care,
But ever as the morning sun uprose

To light the gladsome earth, did he repair

To that fell spot, and there in deepest prayer
Plead for his Zara, deeming some fair tree
The object of his earnest, wild despair ;
And as the rustling wind stirred its light canopy,
Dream't 'twas his daughter's hand that beckon'd from
the sky.



LIVIA.

A FRAGMENT.

DAY dawns in Palmyra ! it checkers o'er
The porphyry column and polished floor
Of a stately palace ; and in that light,
Sculptured and fair, a figure stands,
Like the first, faint, glimmering star of night.
Is it a statue, so pale and fair,
With snowy brow and wavy hair ?
Her eye is upraised, and her beautiful hands
Meet on her bosom, as if to quell
Some thought, that the sculptor imprisoned there ;
Some dream that he cherished, yet feared to tell.
It is no statue ! 't is breathing and warm,
But Praxitiles might have worshipped that form ;
The fleecy veil which shaded her brow
Has fallen at her feet, like a wreath of snow,
And the delicate tint of her drapery seems
Like the fairy colors we catch in our dreams.
Pearly and mist-like, it floated there,
Like impalpable clouds on that summer air.

She seems a spirit sent from heaven,
To tread the sinful haunts of men,
For some offence, and now, forgiven,
She turns to her own heaven again,
And longs for power to wing her way,
Once more to those bright realms of day.
With floating robe and upraised eye,
And those fair hands that vainly prest
To still the throbbing of her breast,
She seems more meet for yon bright sky—
More like a thing of heavenly birth,
Than a frail, erring child of earth.
Yet is she frail, oh ! far more frail
Than ye who read this simple tale ;
The weight of guilt is on her brow,
That seems so pure and stainless now—
And in her heart ! oh, ask me not
Why such unhallowed taint of sin
Should desecrate that holy spot,
And kindle those wild fires within !

But the sound of approaching steps is heard, *
And the boughs of the Terebinth tree are stirred,
As if by the weight of a summer bird,
Lightly swaying amid its leaves ;
And her eye grows bright, and her bosom heaves !
'Tis his signal ! he comes—a moment more,
And a shadow falls on that marble floor.
But who is this ? No mailed knight,
No warrior bold in glittering steel,

No lover-chief now greets her sight,
But a form that causes her brain to reel ;
With matted beard and glaring eye,
And tatter'd robe, whose hideous stains
Tell of a bloody victory !
Perchance a struggle to be free ;
For the marks of cruel chains
Have gangrened in these fleshless arms,
And vestiges of the scourge are there
On his shoulders bleeding and bare,
Which scarcely human life-blood warms.

What makes he here at this lonely hour ?
Why gazes he thus on that pallid maid,
Whose bloodless cheek and lips betrayed
Her spirit's fearful agony,
At the rude spectre thus set free ?
" Livia ! even in my loathsome cell
Came the voice of him thou lovest so well,
And, while he beheld that horrible place,
He breathed the tale of thy deep disgrace.
He said thou had'st barter'd thy country's fame,
And tarnished Zenobia's glorious name,
And that he, thy false lover, would aid thy flight
From the scene of thy guilt ere the coming night.
He said it to taunt me ; he thought my chains
Had sunk in my *spirit* and fettered me there ;
And he deemed that the blood in my aged veins
Was too sluggish and weak, such a deed to dare
As I *have* dared, to meet with thee,
Child of disgrace and infamy.

“ And Antiochus has met the doom
A recreant slave deserves to meet ;
Far down in that narrow cell of gloom—
Its moulding walls for a winding sheet—
The traitor lies. Can his rest be sweet ?
That cell’s narrow bound is wider far
Than the graves of the mighty who fall in war,
But theirs is a calm and peaceful sleep,
And the forms of the loving, the true and fair,
Gather around their graves to weep.
But who shall mourn for a traitor, dead ?
Let him sleep in his dark, unhallowed bed,
Where many a foul and noisome thing
Shall creep round his faithless brain and heart ;
Here the foulest and vilest shall gather and cling,
And for each dark thought there shall be a sting ;
And thou, who hast aided”—Well may’st thou start,
Old man, for thy first fell, fatal word,
Had pierced her faithless heart like a sword ;
She was mighty to do a deed of wrong,
But wavering and weak where the good are strong.

THE MUSES.

CLIO.

THOU, that with careful eye and brow severe,
Notest the virtues and the faults of men,
Not thine the record of the sigh and tear,
The lover's perfidy, the maiden's fear,
The midnight ghost that haunts the quiet glen—
Not these thy theme, but deeds of high renown,
Fierce battles fought, defeat and victory,
The assassin's poniard and the monarch's crown,
The roughest billows on life's surging sea—
These are the themes most pleasing unto thee.

ERATO.

List! there are whispers floating nigh,
And lovers' vows are blended;
"Luscious lip of vermil dye,
Brow of snow, and melting eye"—
These the burden of thy sigh,
Until the lay is ended.
These are thine, Erato, thine,
Thou most capricious of the mystic nine.

POLYHIMNIA.

Thy rounded periods fall with a sweet tone,
Like softest music, and the enraptured sense
Drinks in thy numbers, mighty eloquence.
Thou, with a power exclusively thine own,
Scarest the guilty wretch upon his throne,
Making him shrink with dread of thought of thee ;
Thou settest the chained and pining captive free,
Loosening his bonds, and with a trumpet voice
Biddest the despot cower, the slave rejoice ;
Or, with low accents pleadest love's sweet tale,
Far from the haunts of men, in some lone, quiet vale.

TERPSICHORE.

To the light fantastic measure,
In the gay and brilliant hall,
Seekers of the phantom, pleasure,
Hasten quickly at thy call.
But neither mirth, nor dance nor song,
Can detain the siren long ;
Hasten, seize her while ye may,
Pleasure lingers but a day !
Then let her votaries bend the knee
At thy fair shrine, Terpsichore.

MELPOMENE.

The cord, the dagger, and the poisonous bowl,
These to thee, Melpomene, belong :
The murderer's treacherous and designing soul,
And the unhappy victim's cruel wrong ;

Dark deeds of guilt, of black revenge and hate,
The wretch despairing 'neath a tyrant's power,
Passion's unholy reign and sinful state,
Dark retribution's sure and awful hour ;
Fierce, writhing heart, and mad, delirious brain—
These are all thine, a foul and fearful train.

T H A L I A .

Turn we to a brighter theme,
Where light mirth, with laughing chorus,
Spreads her evanescent beam,
While gay shadows flit before us.
Shadows fleeting, frail and fair,
As are earthly shadows ever,
Vanished once, returning never,
Ofttimes leaving grief and care ;
Like the butterfly of spring,
If too close the toy we clasp,
The bloom is brushed from off its wing,
It fades and withers in our grasp—
Then let moderation sway
The pleasures of life's fleeting day.

C A L L I O P E .

Heroes have died—thou bid'st them live again,
In the sweet measure of thy liquid verse,
And while thy lays their martial deeds rehearse,
We feel they have not lived and loved in vain.
Thou sing'st of those who fought of yore,
And Hector, Mentor, Menelaus,

Fight their fiercest combats o'er,
While rage and grief alternate sway us;
Lights and shadows fitfully
Mingle in thy melody.

E U T E R P E .

When stormy feelings fret the soul,
And hope seems hidden from the view;
When sorrow's wildest billows roll,
And love is false and friends untrue—
Then, maid divine, thy power is felt,
Its soothing influence heals our wound,
And all our fierce emotions melt,
In answer to the liquid sound.

U R A N I A .

Thine eyes devoutly raised to heaven,
Thou heed'st not human hopes and fears,
Earthly thrones and kingdoms riven,
In the lapse of circling years.
Still thy gaze is fixed on high,
And in every earnest look
Thou read'st a page in God's own book,
In that wonder-beaming sky;
But like a burnt and wither'd scroll
Will those glittering heavens be,
When the Eternal's voice shall roll
The veil from our mortality.;

F E M A L E

SCRIPTURAL CHARACTERS.

NO. I.—FIRST SERIES.

Come with the voice, the lyre,
Daughters of Judah, with the timbrel rise;
Ye of the dark, prophetic, eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire;
Oh! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
When God's own whispers shook the cedars of your clime.

HEMANS.

YE come, ye come! I see a spirit band
Through the dim, shadowy twilight of the past,
Slowly advancing. Nearer, nearer yet,
Ethereal spirits, that my soul may catch
A glimpse of that bright loveliness o'er which
A charm of heaven lingers—oh! how unlike
The beauty of this earth. Now swifter move
Those glittering pinions, and one radiant form
Is bending queen-like o'er her sister shades.
Hark! how their voices swell; the golden clouds
Hang motionless; light silvery masses roll,
And half envelope the bright, beauteous forms

Of the fair choristers. Sweet vision, stay!
Let not the o'erwearied mind, too sorely tried,
Be fettered down again to earth's dull tasks,
But lose itself thus in sweet dreams of heaven.

S A R A H.

Room for that queenly one!
Room for the peerless gem—
Place on her form the regal robe,
On her brow the diadem.

And hail her as the queen
Of a high and noble race;
Proud mother of a princely line,
Radiant in every grace.

She comes, a husband's pride,
Protected by his arms;
And haughty kings and princes bend
In homage to her charms.

From her our race hath sprung—
She has given us a dower
More dear than gems or robes of price,
Or the pomp of earthly power.

Then blest, forever blest!
Be she, who thus hath given
Unto her weary, earth-born sons,
A heritage in heaven.

NO. II.

LIKE roseate clouds that, at the day's decline,
Gather in gorgeous beauty 'round the sun,
And pageant his departure, they appear,
Bright and etherial, floating thro' the mist
That, like a veil, is spread 'twixt earth and heaven.
If thus, oh ! fountain of eternal light,
The soul finds pleasure holding sweet commune
With the faint shadows of thy blest abode,
How will thy glories burst upon the view,
When the freed spirit wakens from its dream,
And earth, so long the *grave of buried hopes*,
Releases us forever !

REBEKAH.

Lift from her virgin brow the veil ;
Young Hebrew, unto thee is sent
A ministering angel, whose bright form
Brings peace and joy within thy tent.

And thou, fair daughter of the East,
Whose stately step and flashing eye—
Whose graceful form and noble mein,
Proclaim thy birth and lineage high ;

When thy dark eyes were heaven-ward raised,
Did fires prophetic light thy soul,

And point to thee the weary path,
Thy children tread to win their goal?

Or did bright visions cheer thy soul,
And spread a beaming halo o'er them,
When gentile kings should own their sway,*
And haughty nations bow before them.

Thy faith, thy love, thy modest worth,
Need no recording tablet now;
No stone on which to grave thy name,
Nor earthly wreath to bind thy brow.

Deep in each earnest Jewish heart
Are shrined those memories of the past,
Memories that time can ne'er efface,
Nor sorrow's blighting wing o'ercast.

NO. III.

LEAH AND RACHEL.

MORN breaks! and now each lofty mountain top
Unveils its beauties. And the heavy mist
That all night long hung o'er them like a shroud,
Slowly and silently is gathered up.

* "And the gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—ISAIAH.

Fold after fold the snowy, vapory mass
Ascends, and leaves the fresh, pure, smiling earth
Awaiting, like a bride, to greet her lord
In bloom and beauty.

See ! where glides a form
Between the water's edge and yonder group
Of graceful willows ; beauty hath she none,
And yet, methinks that sorrowing face might win
A gleam of pity from a savage breast.
'Tis she ! the first of womankind whose love
Was unrequited.

Thou lovest, and vainly ; dark and fearful power ;
That thus can sway weak woman's earthly lot—
Toy of a moment, born to be forgot—
She lavishes her wealth of love—her dower—
On one who marks with cold and careless eyes,
The deep outpouring of the young heart's sacrifice.

Thou sad, pale trembler, who with tearful eye
Dost mark thy lord's approach, and vainly yearn
For one kind greeting—one poor, cold return
Of all the love thou offerest—one reply
To the deep throbbing of thy faithful heart !
Sad dove, that sitt'st with folding wings apart,
Brooding o'er miseries in *mercy given*,
To teach thy soul, and lead it back to heaven.

Thou glidest from the busy haunts of men,
In the still dawn, and quiet dewy eve,

And 'neath the vine's cool, graceful foliage, when
The midnight moon looks down, and waters heave,
And leap beneath her light, thy voice in prayer
Steals on the silence of the midnight air—
And a faint whispering hope around thee breathes,
And from the faded flowers that memory wreathes,
Thou may'st perchance gather *one* bud to bless
Thy sorrowing heart, and cheer thy loneliness.

Not such *thy* fate, thou fair and happy bride !
Away, away, at early eventide,
Thou flee'st swift to meet thy loved one's voice,
Sound that can make thy woman's heart rejoice,
And send a glowing thrill of love and pride
Throughout thy frame. Oh ! happy in thy love !
Happy to know that earth holds nought beside
So dear to either ; the bright sky above,
The fair earth spread before ye like a shrine—
A universal temple, where the soul
May offer up its sacrifice divine,
Of prayer free, gushing from the heart without
control.

Yet thine was woman's lot, thine her deep grief,
And thine her gleams of sunshine light and brief—
Her transient tears and smiles ; alas ! her all
Of light and evanescent power. Recall
The past, turn o'er the ancient, sacred page,
And trace the fate of all from youth to age,
'T is still the same—a few brief years of pain,
And dust returns to dust—earth claims again

Her kindred earth. Then let the path we've trod,
Whether in tears or smiles, still upward lead to God.

NO. IV.

RETIRE, ye waves ! roll back your crested heads—
Presume not to approach the royal host,
That presses onward to your bosom now,
In glittering pomp and panoply of war.
See how they tower, those lordly, swelling waves,
And form a pathway walled on either side—
Rides the king safely now ?

The billows roll,
But not in sport, nor as when tempests lash
Their angry heads, but with a sullen sound,
Murmuringly and low—moaning, as if in pain,
They heave and rise, then slowly sink again,
Impatient for the word to set them free.

But what has he, that kingly one, to fear ?
Have *they* not passed in safety o'er the path—
They, his hereditary bondsmen !
And shall he, a monarch, a crowned king,
With all his glittering host of armed men,
Yield to base coward fear ? Perish the thought !

He comes to conquer—hear ye not that shout?
It tells of victory already won.
But see! the strange commotion in that mass;
They turn, they flee! Oh! gods of Egypt, help!
Vain prayer! wild shrieks burst on th' affrighted ear,
And the mad billows triumph o'er the sound.
Whose voice thus echoes o'er the raging waste?
Who calls for help in that wild surging sea?
Mighty and dreaded Pharaoh, is it thou?
Thou! why the very waves laugh thee to scorn;
And of thy train, the meanest follower
Claims brotherhood with Egypt's haughty king,
And boasts as lordly sepulture. Sad sight—
Chariot, and horse, and rider, each alike
Engulphed in one vast grave.

Now on the air,
And borne across those waters, comes the sound
Of woman's voice; exultingly it swells;
Earth hears it, and rejoices, and the sea
Flows with a softer murmur to the sound.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"A song, a song of praise to Israel's God,
Whose strong right arm hath triumphed o'er our foes;
Who can now point to where proud Pharaoh trod?
Above his head the circling waters close—
Let earth, and sea, and air, repeat again
The loud hosannahs of our joyful strain.

“ Oh ! raise our glorious song of praise on high,
 Our hallelujahs to the God of hosts ;
 Praise Him whose arm had brought deliv’rance nigh,
 Whose will has triumphed o’er man’s sinful boasts.
 The steed and rider hath he overthrown—
 Shout ye his name—the Lord our God is one !”

Ages have passed, have circling rolled away,
 Since fond lips breathed aloud that joyful prayer,
 Yet fancy sweeps across the busy brain,
 Recalling shapes and voices mingling there.
 Oh, woman ! weak and powerless, yet unto thee is given
 The task to prune the budding branch, and bid it bloom
 for heaven.

NO. V.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

“ What do I gaze on ? Nothing ! Look again :
 Two forms are slowly shadow’d on my sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain.”

BYRON.

THROUGH the long lapse of ages, and the dim
 And indistinct, and faintly pencil’d past,
 What forms approach me ? surely not of earth—
 And yet they seem earth-born ; but, oh ! how fair !
 A heavenly halo rests on that young head,

And in those dove-like eyes there beams a fire
Unknown to earth—so passionless, so pure !
And that low voice comes on the whispering wind,
Like some sweet melody we've heard in dreams.

“ Nay, urge me not, my mother, nor entreat
Thy daughter to return from following thee ;
For whither thou do'st wend thy weary steps,
There will I follow ; where thou liest thy head,
Shall mine repose ; thy people shall be mine,
And He, the God whom thou so truly lovest,
Shall be my only God. Where thou diest,
I, too, will die, and there will I be buried.

“ I cannot leave thee, mother ! in my heart
There springs a well of such deep tenderness,
A fountain gushing with such earnest love—
Earnest, untiring love for thee, as springs
Only from God. Then urge me not to go.
Oh ! mother, I will watch by thee, as thou
Did'st watch in his weak infancy and youth,
Him, the departed ; and when faint and sad
Thou pausest by the way, my voice shall bring
Back to thy heart the memories of the past ;
And I will sing the lays my Mahlon loved,
And sooth thee unto slumber.”

RUTH'S SONG.

I.

"LET slumber fall lightly
On eyelids oppress,
And evening beam brightly
With visions of rest.

II.

"The weary day cometh
With toil and with sorrow,
But hope nightly beameth,
With joy for the morrow.

III.

"Then, slumber, fall lightly
On eye-lids oppress,
And evening beam brightly
With visions of rest.

IV.

"The pale stars above us
Shed around their pure light,
Like eyes that still love us,
Keeping watch through the night.

V.

“ Fair angels are keeping
Their vigils above,
E’en while we are sleeping
We share in their love.

VI.

“ Then let slumber fall lightly
On eye-lids opprest,
And evening beam brightly
With visions of rest ”

Love never yet
Shone with such pure unselfishness, as when
It prompted that frail gentle one to leave
Her childhood’s home, her fondly cherished friends,
And follow that lone mourner. Who can trace
Thy fate, fair daughter of the Moabites,
And fail to think of her who held a place—
A mother’s sacred place—in thy young heart?
And thou had’st thy reward, even here on earth ;
When Bethlehem-Judah’s gates received ye both
Wearied and sad; and travel-soiled and faint,
Ye passed from penury and hopeless grief
To an immortal name.

NO. VI.

ESTHER.

“The matter of which dreams are made,
Not more endowed with actual life
Than this phantasmal portraiture
Of wandering human thought.”

SHELLY.

“Lo, midway along my wild, lone course,
A swift-winged spirit detains my flight.”

SCHILLER.

Ye are passing away, passing away,
Like the midnight dream of a fevered brain,
That fadeth with reason's returning sway—
And the weary slumberer striveth in vain
Again to recall.

Ye are passing away ! ye fade like the wreath
Of a summer cloud that pageants the sun,
When he speeds to his setting, and sinks beneath
The burnished wave, when his race is run,
And dark shadows fall.

Oh ! leave me not thus, while my spirit clings
To the hallow'd memories of the past,
And every trace of its history flings
A shadow of beauty that, fleeing fast,
Returns not again.

Must ye fade from my sight, ye forms of air,
Will the glorious vision forever depart?
Yet one gentle spirit seems lingering there,
As if loath to add to a human heart
A shadow of pain.

The vision hath changed! a palace appears,
Its proud front dazzling and bright in the sun;
Who are they that come with wild gestures and tears?
What evil hath chanced them, what deed has been done,
That paleth the cheek,

And causeth the stern, proud man to bow,
While the damps of death pass over his frame,
And his heart thrills with anguish? Shield them now,
Oh, Father! they call on thy holy name,
Thy mercy they seek.

"We are the last of a long cherished race—
Redeemer of Israel hear our cry!
Oh! Thou in high heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Pass not the prayer of affliction by—
Hear us, oh, God.

"If our steps have strayed in the paths of shame,
Yet now, when the floods of affliction roll,
We come to thee, Father! we call on thy name!
The billows dash wild o'er the desolate soul—
Save us, oh, God!"

Crushed, humbled, trodden down unto the earth,
Have ye no help—is no deliverer nigh?
Hath Israel no champion to stand forth,
And shield her in her hour of agony
And bitter woe?

Like moon-rise breaking upon deepest night,
Like ocean calmed amid its wildest storm,
Hath fallen the balm of peace; what arm of might
Wrought their deliverance—what warrior form
Claims homage now?

No slaughter marks the path the conqueror trod,
No blood-stained trophies prove the victor's power;
Woman's meek prayer breathed fervently to God,
Has burst the bonds in dark affliction's hour,
Of those who mourn.

Now fades the vision; and the clouds of night
Roll back before the coming orb of day;
And all those fair ethereal forms of light
Melt into air, and fading pass away,
Ne'er to return.

SECOND SERIES.—NO. I.

My soul has wooed you back, etherial forms !
It sought you in the stillness of the night,
When the world slept, and the pale stars looked down,
In all their quiet beauty. Then my thoughts
Held commune with the spirits of the past,
And yearned to be among you. Ye have come
In answer to my solitary call,
And fancy now exults, to meet again
The sweet companions of her loneliness.

Ye return, ye return, to my sight once more,
Sweet visions come thronging o'er heart and brain,
Ye gladdened my heart when its joys seemed o'er,
And freed my mind from a galling chain.

Ye return, ye return ! and my bosom bounds
To welcome ye back, bright forms of air ;
Oh ! once more lighten life's weary rounds,
And ease my heart of its weight of care.

The captive enfranchised when hope seemed past,
Hails not the first dawn of his liberty,
(Tho' the bounding pulse of his heart throb fast,)
With half the delight I now welcome ye.

The cold world came between us, and veiled my sight,
And the glorious vision seemed passing away,

But ye come once again, fair forms of light,
Ye come, and my spirit exults in her lay.

J O C H E B E D.

“ My son, my pearl, my jewel without price,
Oh ! how my yearning heart will bleed for thee ;
My lamb, selected for the sacrifice,
Ah ! whither shall thy sorrowing mother flee ?

“ Who will assuage my grief when thou art gone ?
Who bid the craving of my bosom cease ?
And mourning still for thee, my precious son,
Where shall I turn to find the balm of peace ?

“ Oh, thou ! my husband, stifle not my grief ;
Thou addest torture to my wild despair ;
Thou can’st not give my aching heart relief—
The load is heavier than my heart can bear.

“ My boy, my treasure, must I part from thee—
Can my soul dream of thee as one departed ?
Oh ! nought can quell my bitter agony,
When thou art gone, and I am broken-hearted.

“ Ye are cruel, thus to tear him from my heart ;
I tell ye, half my love is still unsaid—
Oh ! let me once, before he must depart,
Pillow upon my breast his precious head.

"So let him lie, and as that gladsome smile
Lingers upon his lip, can I forbear
To press it with mine own, and thus beguile
The bitter workings of my fond despair ?

"Away ! *my* arms shall bear him to his rest."
And now with trembling steps she threads her way,
And places him within his chilly nest,
And watches lest the rustling sedges play

Too roughly with her rude and fragile ark,
That, like a stone, unseemly to the view,
Contains within a glittering, living spark,
A treasure on those waters calm and blue.

Fond, mourning mother, it is heaven's decree ;
In yielding him, thou givest a nation joy—
Quell, then, the torrent of thine agony,
And yield to God's own hand thy cherished boy.

Yet 'twas a struggle bitter to thy heart,
Thus passing on thy lonely pilgrimage ;
Nor can thy grief, all humble as thou art,
Pass unregarded on our history's page.

NO. II.

D E B O R A H .

THE sound of the trumpet swells loud on the gale,
And a glittering host spreads o'er mountain and vale,
Like the leaves of the forest they cumber the ground,
And death and destruction are scattered around.

They come in the flush of their pride-swollen power ;
Wo, wo ! to the vanquished in victory's hour,
When the groans of the dying, the shriek of despair,
And the shout of the conqueror blend on the air :

When the sword shall be fleshed in the innocent breast,
And the delicate nursling be torn from its rest—
And manhood shall see, without power to aid,
The dishonor and bondage of matron and maid.

They come ! the earth quivers beneath the firm tread
Of proud Sisera's hosts, and, ere day-dawn has sped,
Impatient of conquest, they rush to the fight
That will bring to them victory and spoil, ere the night.

What hath woman to do amid havoc and blood,
Whose ensanguined tide tinges Kishon's pale flood ?
From her own quiet dwelling why comes she afar,
To mingle with men 'mid the horrors of war ?

Can'st *thou* conquer, Oh, Israel ! grief-stricken and lone ?
Can a powerless woman restore thee thine own ?
“ Up, Barak ! arouse thee, thy foeman is near,
And the shouts of his army burst loud on the ear.”

But vainly they strive, by the spear and the sword,
To conquer a multitude strong in the Lord ;
For the spear and the sword shall be blunted and dim,
'Gainst a nation whose trust and whose hope are in Him.

Their haughty invaders are vanquished and slain,
The pride of King Jabin lies stretched on the plain,
And never on mountain, in valley or glen,
Shall their hosts spread destruction and carnage again.

And thou, gentle woman, so meek in thy might,
God-fearing and loving, thou aidest the fight,
And thy song, as we trace it, recalls thee as when
Thy presence gave hope to the fortunes of men.

NO. III.

HULDAH, THE PROPHETESS.

THERE are sounds of complaint in a lordly hall ;
What grieveth the spirit of Judah's king ?
Hath' a mystical finger portrayed on the wall
His prophetic doom, or his kingdom's fall,
Or whence does that sorrow spring ?

Have his cities been wasted by sword and by flame,
Are his treasures engulph'd by the sea—
Does his heart lie crushed by a weight of shame,
That stains his kingdom and sullies his name,
And causes his misery ?

Oh ! a heavier doom than these has spread
A shadow o'er heart and brain—
A weightier grief has bowed his head ;
And though few and low were the words he said,
They betoken'd his inward pain.

“ Go ask,” he said, “ of the good and wise,
If this doom may pass away—
If holy prayer, and the sacrifice
Of our penitent hearts, may yet arise,
To avert the evil day.”

And whom shall they seek in that trying hour ?
What ancient and deep-learned seer,
Whose prophetic words have a magical power
To point the right path when dark tempests lower,
And the strong man sinks with fear ?

Oh ! how can a *woman's* voice foretell
The heavy doom they dread to know ?
Or, how can she pierce through the mystic veil
Of the shadowy future, and breathe a spell
Like that which her lips breathe now ?

“ Ye ask me what answer the Lord hath given ?
Thus say to him who sent you here :

For the deep transgressions of those who have striven
To call down the judgment and vengeance of heaven,
Both they and theirs shall from hence be driven,
And their spirits shall quail with fear.

“A terror and blight in field and on flood,
Shall descend into all who have fled from me—
Who have bowed themselves to a god of wood,
And polluted their hands with innocent blood;
Let the reptiles crawl where their palace hast stood,
And their names be a mockery.

“Go bear ye hence to an erring race,
The answer God in his wrath hath sent,
And say to the hardened and shameless of face,
That henceforth the wide world has no resting-place
To screen them from terror and deep disgrace,
Until all His anger is spent.”

NO. IV.

H A N N A H.

A PICTURE rises from the buried past,
A mother and her boy stand limned there,
In act to part. Not for a little space,
Not for a childish holiday, nor yet
In the death-struggle; sickness has not paled
The roseate blush upon that blooming cheek,

Nor dimmed the gladness of that clear, bright eye;
And his sweet ringing laugh comes gushingly,
As from a heart untainted yet by care.
And she, that fair young mother, with low voice,
And with a struggle to force back her tears,
Thus breathes her sad farewell :

“Again I return to my desolate dwelling,
No child’s gentle accents will fall on my ear,
But memory will point to the deep fount of pleasure
My lonely heart treasures in holiness here.

“Thou wert asked of my God, and to Him I resign thee,
A sacrifice worthy, a gift undefiled;
He heard my low prayer, and sent thee to cheer me,
Bright hope of my bosom, my innocent child.

“Oh! would not that bosom be more than ungrateful,
If its own selfish promptings would plead for thee
now—
If the joy of thy presence could make me unmindful
Of all my soul pledged in that grief-stricken vow!

“Go stainless and pure; may the Being thou servest,
The God of thy fathers, watch over thee still;
From childhood till age, may all heavenly blessings
Float o’er thee like sunlight, and shield thee from ill.

“Go, ere the cold world casts a shadow to darken
Thy glorious pathway, or dim thy career—

•

Ere thy young heart repent o'er a sin-blighted hour,
Or thy cheek feels the shame of a penitent tear.

"I return to my home, but thy image goes with me,
And though the lip writhe, and the throbbing heart
swell,
I may not embitter thy young spirit's gladness,
Nor dim by a tear-drop thy mournful farewell!"

NO. V.

J U D I T H.

MIDNIGHT in the Assyrian camp! No sound
Mingles with the light zephyr, whose faint breath
Fans the dull sleeper's cheek, and lifts the tress
Of raven hair on many a sunburnt brow,
Or revels in light playfulness around
The gorgeous canopy of Holofernes.
'Tis silence all. A murmuring rivulet,
Whose ripples scarce disturb the wakeful ear
Of the tired sentinel, goes whispering by,
And whisperingly is answered by the bough
Of palm and cedar on the mountain side.
The moon hath waned, and in its stead the pole

And melancholy stars are out upon
The midnight sky of Judea.

Lift we now
The veil of yonder tent : what see we there ?
Hush ! for a sound might wake the slumberer,
Who soon must know a deeper, darker sleep.
There, on his couch, gleaming with gold, and bright
With glittering jewels, the proud conqueror lies.
Deep sleep is on him. Pause and gaze upon
A nation's dreaded scourge ! The embroidered robe
Clings to a form of strength and majesty,
And the broad, massive brow, and deep-set eye,
And the compression of the closed lips,
Are all indicative of firm resolve.
He is alone : no ! by the flickering beam
Of yonder lump of fretted gold, we see
Another form.

A woman ! a fair, lovely flower,
With eye of fire and lip of pride,
Why stands she by the hero's side,
Thus, at the midnight hour ?
The glossy tendrils of her hair,
Enwreathed with many a costly gem,
Meet for a monarch's diadem—
Float o'er her bosom fair,
And veil—nay, grace the lovely form
That trembles like a timid dove ;
Trembles, but not with thoughts of love.
Ah, no ! that bare white arm,

That plucks the falchion from its place,
And waves it glittering o'er her head,
Attests 'tis for no love embrace
Her steps are hither led.

Hark ! heard ye not a sudden sound ?
The drowsy sentry paused to hear,
But the sweet brooklet, murmuring near,
Is all that meets his startled ear,
In the dim silence round.
And ere the dull gray dawn of day
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
The Hebrew matron takes her way
Among her native hills to pray ;
And 'tis their lord's behest
That she, unquestioned, pass to where
Her feelings pour themselves in prayer.

She leaves that scene of blood behind,
And speeds through many a lonely dell ;
But the fearful workings of her mind,
Oh ! who shall dare to tell ?
She leaves that scene, but not alone—
A severed, ghastly, gory head,
Whose glances lately met her own,
Bears witness from the dead,
How fearfully her woman's soul
Had mocked at Nature's soft control—
How well her mission sped !
Oh ! not by woman's gentle hand
Should blood be shed or victory won ;

Yet, for her God, her love, her land,
What hath not woman done ?

NO. VI.

HANNAH, THE MOTHER OF THE SEVEN
MARTYRS.

EARTH has proud records of her favored sons ;
There is no land but teems with the great deeds
Of the high, daring chieftain, or the wise
And patient scholar, or the statesman, bold
And energetic in his country's cause ;
Or him who, with discrimination nice, can see
Some rules for mechanism in the slight
Attenuated fibres of a gossamer—
Each adds his quota, *and each gains a name.*

But thou, oh, helpless woman ! what hast thou ?
What offering can'st thou add unto the store,
Or whereby can'st thou hope to gain a name
That shall be handed to posterity ?
Thou can'st but *suffer*, and with patient heart
Bear meekly, and with humble faith, thy load.
But thou, stern warrior on the battle plain,
Or patriot doomed to bleed ; ye whom the world
Holds up as models to mankind, ye sink
In utter nothingness before the name

Of her who seven times died in those she loved—
Yea, seven times did that mother's yearning heart
Bear the sharp pangs of death, in witnessing
The mortal agony of those for whom
She would have perilled life and limb to save.
High-hearted mother ! honored be the name
Of her who stifled Nature for her God,
And led her sons to heaven.

CONCLUSION.

Now do I know that ye are passing hence,
For the world's darkened shadows flit before me,
And the bright tissue of magnificence,
The halo of heaven's light that ye cast o'er me,
Is fading fast.

Sweet forms ! I have not woo'd ye back in vain ;
Full well have ye repaid my soul's deep sadness,
Turning to happiness my hours of pain,
And tinging even sorrow's cup with gladness,
Tho' light and brief.

The world can never know what sweet communion
Our spirits held together, oh, departed !
Nor can it dream the pain which our disunion
Brings to the heart of one too often thwarted
In life's lone track.

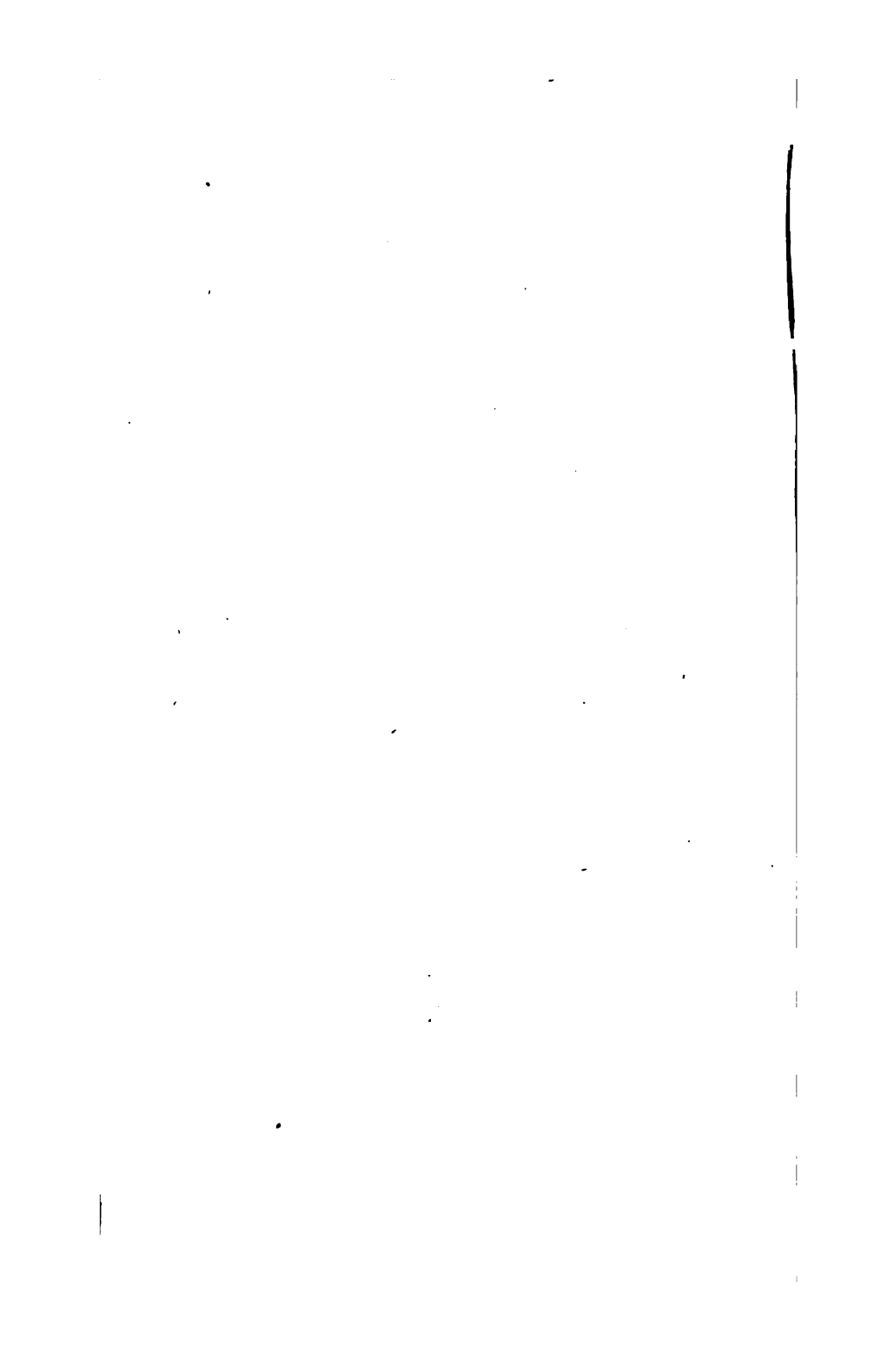
Fair dream, thou hast beguiled full many an hour ;
Thou wert no idle, no fantastic vision,
Startling the soul with fancy's sunlit power,
And steeping the 'rapt senses in elysian
Scenes of delight.

Ye *once* were real, ye forms that melt away,
Once bore on earth your woman's share of anguish—
Lived, loved and suffered thro' life's little day,
And though on earth your forms no longer languish,
Yet still ye live.

Ye live in truthful chronicles of yore,
Where history points with her unerring finger ;
But unto me never, oh ! never more
Will ye return, or for one moment linger,
As ye were wont !

And as the snow-wreath melts beneath the sun,
Leaving no traces of its fleecy whiteness,
So do ye warn me that my task is done,
For ye dissolve, and of your radiant brightness
Leave not a ray.

Ye are gone ! and now no longer to my touch
Will the faint, quivering harp-strings yield a measure ;
Yet truth-fraught is the lesson—such, oh ! such,
Mortal, are all our hopes of earthly pleasure,
Fleeting and frail !



HEBREW MELODIES.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

"Go forth to the mount, bring the olive branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our freedom is come."

MOSES.

OH ! sad one of Zion, thou desolate-hearted,
Thy tears of repentance have pleaded at last ;
Thou who hast mourned o'er thy glory departed,
Rejoice ! for the hour of thy thralldom is past.

Thou hast sinned, thou hast suffered, thy mourning is
o'er,
The glorious hour of freedom's at hand ;
And the songs of thy triumph shall echo once more
O'er the wastes of thy stricken and desolate land.

Long, long did'st thou mourn, while the crescent and
cross
Eclipsed the pure splendor of Judah's proud star ;
Alone, like a heaven-blighted tree, did'st thou toss
Thy dead, leafless branches, for help from afar.

But rise now, thou sad one, thou desolate-hearted—
Thy tears of repentance have pleaded at last;
Oh! thou who hast mourned o'er thy splendor departed,
Rejoice that the hour of thy thralldom is past!

THE CHOSEN.

“ This people have I formed for myself ”

ISAIAH.

Go FORTH erect and fearless, with God's impress on thy
brow,
The promise of His changeless love within thy trust-
ing heart;
Proud nations shall revere thy might, and crowned
heads shall bow,
And acknowledge thy supremacy, all kingly as thou
art!

Thy royalty is God's own gift—no pageant of a day,
No momentary splendor, to beguile a dreaming hour;

Thy dawn is fast approaching, and each faint and feeble
ray

That now glimmers thro' the darkness, leads thee on
again to power.

Tho' the oppressor's hand be on thee, yet fearlessly
pass on—

Tho' temptations may surround thee, and bewildering
meteors shine—

A strong right arm is guiding thee, until the goal is won ;

Oh ! who would *not* brave perils for a heritage like
thine ?

And tho' thou drain'st in agony, the cup of grief and
shame,

While dark tempests low'r around thee, and poison'd
shafts are hurl'd—

The time will come, forsaken one, when thy insulted
name

Will be held a badge of honor by the mightiest in
the world.

The time is not far distant when thy light will shine
once more,

As in thy days of freedom, when thy proudest deeds
were done ;

And thy splendor shall return to thee far brighter than
of yore—

Press thou but nobly to thy task, and fearlessly
pass on.

THE SUN OF ISRAEL.

Written on seeing the sun suddenly break forth, and illumine the book of
the Law, as it was being carried to the Ark.

Was it thus, stricken remnant, the glory of God
Burst forth on thy fathers, and showered its light
Across the rough path that those weary ones trod,
A cloud-pillar by day, a flame-witness by night?

As it guided the sire, it now gleams o'er the son,
As it shone in the wilderness lonely and drear,
So it bursts to assure thee, oh ! desolate one,
That in sorrow and exile His presence is here.

Then say not the day of thy triumph has fled,
Say not that the star of thy glory has set—
While the same holy blessings still rest on thy head,
And the same "fire from heaven" illumines thee yet.

LAMENT OF JUDAH.

SOUNDS of joy, that once in each loved dwelling
Of Judah's blooming land, awoke the heart,
No longer now upon the air are swelling,
But tears instead from Judah's children start.

Ah! whence this anguish? why this gloom and sorrow?
 Have her deep sins precluded hope of peace?
 Will not her sun arise upon the morrow,
 And the loud wailing of her children cease?

Her sins were many; are they not forgiven?
 She hath bewailed them long with bitter tears;
 Arise! shine forth, thou glorious light of heaven,
 Receive thy loved one and dispel her fears.

Then sounds of joy that once in each loved dwelling
 Of Judah's blooming land, awoke the heart,
 Again shall sound, her joy, her gladness telling,
 And Heaven shall bid her agony depart.

THE PRAYER OF SOLOMON,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE TEMPLE.

A GORGEOUS structure ! rich with fretted gold
And radiant with gems. A white-robed choir,
Sackbut and psaltery, and the sounding harp,
Waft their sweet melody unto high heaven.
A mighty monarch bows his head in prayer—
What boon has he to ask of pitying heaven ?
Seeks he for riches, or for pomp and power,
Or asks he vengeance on unconquered foes ?
Peace, peace ! he breathes a lowly prayer to heaven,
Even for others' sins as for his own,
Asking forgiveness.

“ Father ! when man, forgetting thy decree,
Shall wrong his brother, and by fraud or wile
Pervert the holy faith that leads to Thee,
And turn his heart to sinfulness and guile ;
Yet when they both are brought before Thy face,
And purer feelings in each bosom strive,
Hear Thou and judge in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, have mercy and forgive.

“ When Thy frail children, for their many sins,
Shall smart beneath the oppressor's iron rod,
And when the tortured conscience first begins
To waken to the anger of their God—
Then, when they come to Thee, that sinful race,
And pray that Thou the heavy load remove,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy holy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, forgive, oh ! God of Love.

“ And when the heavens are shut, and the parched land
Must bear the burden of their sinful way,
And Thou shalt teach them with Thy mighty hand,
And bend their stubborn hearts to own Thy sway—
When they, repentant, turn toward this place,
Let not Thine ear be deaf unto their voice,
But hear Thou from Thy heavenly throne of grace,
Hear, and forgive the children of Thy choice.

“ And when the stranger, for Thy great name's sake,
Turneth toward this house, oh ! mighty King,
Whatever supplication he may make,
Whatever sin or sorrow he may bring,
Yet, when he bendeth here to ask Thy grace,
And prayeth Israel's God to heal his grief,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy holy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, forgive, and grant relief.

“ If any sin, (and what man sinneth not?)
And Thou art wroth and angered with their shame,
And the sad captive's lone and bitter lot
Be theirs, until they call upon thy name—

Yet, when they come sin-stricken to this place,
And pray to Thee in supplicating tone,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy holy throne of grace—
Forgive, and have compassion on Thine own.”

No gorgeous temple, rich with fretted gold,
And bright with flashing gems, now meets our eye ;
No holy prophet-king, like him of old,
Now offers up our sacrifice on high ;
Yet, when we come with prayer to seek Thy face,
Each with sin's burning plague-spot in his breast,
Hear Thou, oh, God ! in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, forgive, and grant us rest.

VALLEY OF JEHOShAPHAT.

“ They pay their gold for leave to shed
Tears o’er the generations fled.”—MONTGOMERY.

“ The valley of Jehoshaphat has, in all ages, served as the burying-place to Jerusalem ; you meet there monuments of the most distant time, and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight of gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers.”—CHATEAUBRIAND.

OH ! wearily and sadly a mournful train comes forth,
From the bright hills of the sunny south, the fierce
 blasts of the North—
From east and west they gather when the hour of death
 draws nigh,
To seek a grave in that far-off land, to rest beneath its
 sky.

Hath the wide earth no resting-place, where the weary
 may repose,
No spot on which to lay the head, when life’s evening
 shadows close ?
That thus they press with weary step, and panting,
 laboring breath,
Thro’ scenes where the strongest heart might quail, to
 seek that place of death.

Oh ! many a fairer spot than this, hath the broad-bosom'd
earth,
Many a bright vine-trellis'd home, where rarest flowers
have birth,
And they have gladly left them all, fair land and sunny
sky,
To roam thro' wilds and wastes unknown, to their
father-land *to die!*

For this they braved the midnight storm, that raved in
its mighty wrath,
For this they dared the perilous pass of the mountain's
lonely path—
They breathed the noisome dews of night, they sunk
'neath the noon-day sun,
And they prayed for strength to bear them on till their
pilgrimage was done.

And as the storm-toss'd mariner hails the freshness of
the land,
When, with quivering mast and shivered sail he nears
the welcome strand—
So hope reanimates once more each weary pilgrim's
breast,
As he turns from the stormy waves of life, to that calm
place of rest.

At dawn, at eve, at midnight deep, in that lonely,
solemn place,
Warm and fervent prayers arise for the remnant of
Israel's race ;

They pray that God, who led their sires from the fierce
oppressor's sway,
Will be to them a fire by night, a pillar of cloud by
day. .

Fit place for the sorrowing heart to rest, so desolate and
lone,
Its mournful history shadowed forth, its glories dimm'd
and gone,
The low wind sighing through those trees, sacred to
every heart; *
Who would not brave the ills they dared, thus like
them to depart ?

Now mournfully and slowly, bear ye forth the blessed
dead ;
Their task is done, their race is run, the sainted spirits'
fled ;
Lay them where the stream of grief pours its melan-
choly waves, †
And the solemn night-winds murmur o'er the pilgrims'
lowly graves.

* Solomon is said to have planted that valley.

† The torrent called after grief, which traversed it.

JERUSALEM,

AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

"The roads to Jerusalem were not trod, during ages of prosperity, by those who hastened up to the house of God, to offer there devotion and sacrifice; the mad and frantic orgies of heathen worship had enchained the multitude."—OCCIDENT.

AWAKE! oh, Israel! awake and fear;
Let prayer, and fast, and penitence, now prove
To your offended Maker, that ye hear,
That ye still bear the memory of his love—
Although for ages ye have shunned the road,
The path which leads to his divine abode.

Warnings were sent in vain; the heavens gave signs
That were unheeded by a sleeping race;
Ye marked them not, but sought at heathen shrines,
In wild and fearful orgies, for a place
(Oh! vain and sinful ones) where ye might stand
Safe from the power of his avenging hand.

Awake, awake! think not to stay his wrath;
It bursts upon you, and your strength is gone.

Ah ! who shall stem the torrent ? o'er your path
It sweeps, and ye are desolate and lone ;
Your homes forsaken, and in grief and shame
Ye gather now, and call upon His name.

Could nought arouse ye from your slothful sleep,
When you indulged in deadly sin and crime,
O'er which your children, yet unborn, shall weep ?
Scattered, dispersed, aliens in every clime,
Their hearts shall turn in bitterness and tears,
Back to the mem'ry of those vanished years.

Mourn, mourn, oh, Israel ! for your house of prayer,
Your sanctuary, lies in ruins now !
'Mid sounds of agony that rend the air,
There comes a whisper faint, and each doth bow
His head in fear and shame, while o'er his soul
The bitter waters of repentance roll.

That voice, which whispers us of misspent time,
Of altars raised, and idols made of clay—
Of youth neglected, manhood's wasted prime,
And all earth's fleeting pleasures of a day ;
'Tis faint and low, yet every one must start,
To feel that whisper stealing to his heart.

Oh, hour of grace ! pass it not idly by,
But let its influence dispel our fears,
And know that Israel's God will hear our cry—
He will requite his stricken children's tears :

And think not, oh ! ye doubting and faint-hearted,
That Israel's hope of pardon is departed.

Hath He not sworn by His right hand, to save

And to protect His children, for whose sake
The waters were divided, while a grave

They proved to their pursuers ; and to slake
Their burning thirst, the fountain from the rock
Gushed forth in gladness for His fainting flock ?

Is His arm shortened, that He cannot save,

Or will He not redeem His promise given ?

Oh ! hear and answer ; for thy children brave

The stormy path of faith that leads to heaven ;
Protect and guide them—may their sufferings prove
A passport to Thy pardon and Thy love.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

"Thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

MOORE.

UP, student, arouse ! leave thy classical page,
And join in our holy pilgrimage,
We will journey o'er valley and mountain, trod
By those who hold commune with Israel's God.
Askest thou what path we will choose for our race,
To that coveted home, our hearts' resting place ?
Oh ! wherever we tread toward that hallowed spot,
Are the relics of incidents unforget.

Shall we pass through the valley of Hebron, whose dust
Was once heaped o'er the graves of the faithful and
just ?

The trio, whose names have a halo as bright
As the crescented moon on a midsummer night.
Shall we pass by the shore of the dull Dead Sea,
Whose sluggish waves roll without power to flee,

And still sleep, though they heave like a spirit in pain,
O'er the guilt-stricken cities, the scourge of the plain.
Or turn we to Nebo, whose consecrate sod
Was the burial place of the meek one of God?
Thus, wherever we tread toward that hallowed spot,
Are the relics of incidents unforget.

On thy mountains, oh, Gilboa! our glory was slain,
And we tread o'er thy desolate passes with pain;
And we weep to recall thee, oh! Israel, our pride,
When thy trusted and faithful had fall'n at thy side—
And back through the vista of years we can trace
All thy sorrow and shame in that desolate place.

But turn we from all that brings sorrow and pain,
And hail thee triumphant and glorious again,
As when by the shore of the Red Sea, whose wave
Sung the requiem wild of the tyrant and slave;
Again may the song of thy triumph float free,
As it rose from the shore of that old Red Sea.

Then pause not, dear student, nor turn to thy page
To seek for a guide to our pilgrimage,
For wherever we tread toward that holy spot,
Are the relics of incidents unforget.

H A G A R .

MORN showers its light upon the laughing earth !
The breath of summer steals upon the sense ;
The dewy grass, and the sweet-scented vine,
That wreathes its tendrils round the Patriarch's tent,
Breathe of the freshness of the early dawn.
Scene of transcendant loveliness ! the tops
Of yonder mist-encircled mountains pierce
The very clouds, and mingle earth with heaven.
Hark ! on the stillness of the fragrant air
A voice comes pleadingly—a woman's voice !
Alas, what spot on earth but daily hears
Her wailing cry for help.

“ Send me not forth,” it said,
That mournful voice, “ I cannot leave thee now,
While the sweet breeze of morning fans my brow,
Its rays fall on my head.

“ Oh ! rather let it be
When the dark storm clouds of the deepest night
Shut out this scene of beauty from my sight—
Then let me part from thee !

“ I tell thee I have known
Such heartfelt happiness in this dear spot,

That when I go where thou, alas ! art not,
My very life is gone.

“Thou sayest, oh ! mockery,
That for the precious son thy God has given,
I must submit to the decrees of heaven,
And part from thee.

“But can thy wisdom prove,
When first the maddening pulses of my heart
Beat to thine own, that aught of heaven had part
In my wild love ?

“No ! for thy sake alone
Did I first learn to bow unto thy God,
And the strange paths of faith which *thou* hast trod
I made mine own.

“Thou wert, alas ! thou *art*
The only heaven my 'wildered gaze can see,
The only object of idolatry
To my lone heart.

“And yet thou send'st me forth,
Like a poor, worthless slave, whose task is done,
I am cast forth—I, and thy first born son,
On the wide earth.

“Oh ! send me not away,
On my lone journey in the light of morn,

Let not the cold world laugh my grief to scorn,
In the bright day.

“At midnight let me part,
When darkness gathers, and no mortal eye
Can see the depths of grief and agony
In my poor heart.”

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Oh! thou thrice-honored eastern land! ye fair and
graceful trees,
Whose branches woo the morning sun, and gentle even-
ing breeze,
How hath the spoiler triumphed o'er that consecrated
sod,
Since ye were deemed fit ornaments to grace the House
of God.

Do ye still flourish as of yore, in those long vanished
days,
When the tongues of many nations joined in gratitude
and praise;
Alas for thee, bright Eastern land, thy melody has
gone,
And they are left, those graceful trees, all desolate and
lone.

That gorgeous Temple has lain waste for long-remem-
bered years,
And not a vestige of its pomp and holiness appears;
For strangers hold that holy spot, where once the
mighty trod,
And a host went up to glorify the ever-living God.

No prophet-king approaches now, to breathe the fervent
prayer ;
No quaint device, no costly gem, nor molten gold is
there ;
No holy choir with tuneful voice ; no priests nor levites
stand,
To offer up the sacrifice in that once happy land.

But thou alone, time-honored tree, remainest firm and
fair,
Tho' the mighty multitudes have gone, that once assem-
bled there ;
And while we gaze upon thy tall and moss-encircled
stem,
We recall the glorious deeds which God made manifest
to them.

All now is dark, is desolate, and it may not be that we
Shall ever rest beneath the shade of Lebanon's proud
tree ;
Yet turn we to thy pictured form, and trace the records
o'er,
Of those whose lives were passed near thee, in those
bright days of yore.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

IN the dim twilight of the leafy woods,
Where the light zephyr stirs the canopies,
And sways the foliage of dark forest trees ;
On the wild waste of waters, when the floods
Lift up their voices, and in grief or glee,
Still touch the heart with Nature's minstrelsy—
There, even there, let the soul turn to Thee,
And thank Thee for the beauties of this earth,
For all the glorious things to which Thou gavest
birth.

O'er the wild desert's sandy solitude,
Where the sirocco breathes its withering flame,
And the lone traveler treads with wearied frame,
Thou bringest his heart to Thee, giver of good ;
There the oasis springs, leafy and green,
Like a sweet fairy isle, in slumber seen :
Gladdening his heart when every hope was past,
And every death-fraght moment seemed his last.

Thou holdest the mighty thunder in Thy hand,
And the frail leaflet of earth's meanest flower ;
The writhing waves own and obey Thy power,
And check their fury at thy dread command.

Oh ! turn our hearts to such deep piety,
As all inanimate creation bears ;
Let that instruct us in our daily prayers,
And teach us how to raise our thoughts to Thee.
In forest, desert, ocean, everywhere,
Turn Thou the heart to Thee, oh, God ! in prayer.

HUMILITY :

OR, THE STAR AND FLOWER.

A BRIGHT star sent a pale and quivering ray
Deep in the bosom of a flowery dell,
And every sleepless eye was turned to greet
The heavenly visitant. But there was one
On which that ray best loved to linger,
One, whose averted head and fragile form,
Seemed half to shun and half to woo its gaze.
Wherefore at twilight came that glittering star,
To seek the humble flower? Her frail form shook,
Her mild eye filled with tears, (pearly dew-drops,)
And, in the liquid language of her race,
Gushed forth her song.

“ Ah ! wherefore, being of a brighter world,
Leavest thou thy heavenly home, on earth to rove ;
Fair as thou art, amid the glittering throng,
That pave heaven’s pathway to the courts above ?

“ I have no charms to lure thee from thy home ;
Then wherefore comest thou in mockery nigh,
Noting the life of one whose humble lot
Was but to bloom for a brief hour, and die.

"The beauteous rose, the garden's boasted pride,
Bends her fair head in blushing grace before thee,
And the pale, stately lily, sister queen,
Sheds all her store of dewy fragrance o'er thee.

"While I, the scorn of all the gay parterre,
Whose blushing beauties are arrayed to greet
Thy welcome advent, how shall *I* presume
To raise my glance, thy holy light to meet?"

And as she ceased, that glittering star, whose ray
Was sent to cheer her, answered thus her song :

"When the strong oak lies crush'd by the force of the
blast,
And each forest-tree bends as the storm rushes past,
And man shrinks with dread, when a mightier power
Hurls death and destruction o'er stronghold and tower :

"When the hand of the spoiler bears hence in his pride,
The delicate blossoms that bloomed at thy side,
And leaves their disconsolate stems to deplore
The loss of those treasures that charm thee no more :

"Then thou, gentle trembler, secure on thy stem,
Shalt escape the destruction that's destined for them ;
And thy sweet-scented petals shed perfume around,
When the king of the forest lies low on the ground.

"I am sent to watch over and shield thee from harm—
From the rapine of man and the blight of the storm,

That mortals may learn, in the pride of their power,
A lesson of truth from the heart of a flower."

A FRAGMENT.

VISIONS come floating o'er my soul,
Voices are in mine ear,
And dreams bring back the forms of loved
Departed ones more near.

Oh, mother! had thy wayward child
Heeded thy precepts, given
To warn her of the shoals of life,
And point her path to heaven,

She would have passed in safety then,
O'er life's tempestuous sea,
And every wave she strove against,
Would bring her nearer thee.

But now, when winds and waves arise,
Where shall the trembler fly?
Sin-stricken, weary of the world,
And yet unfit to die.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LAMENTED GRACE AGUILAR.

WHEN the sad, moaning wind of midnight sighing,
Falls on the ear with a low, wailing tone,
And finds an echo in the heart replying
To its wild music's melancholy moan,
Then will we think of thee.

When the pale leaves of autumn's woods are falling,
Telling that such is man's frail, brief career,
Our hearts will fancy thy sweet voice is calling
From those sad relics of the dying year,
And tears will fall for thee.

And when the first faint blossoms of the spring
Shall rouse our spirits by their beauteous bloom,
Each little leaflet's secret whispering
Will bear a message from the solemn tomb,
Bidding us think of thee.

Thy spirit loved to hold communion sweet
With bud, and falling leaf, and midnight wind,

And each henceforth our chastened hearts shall greet,
As a loved token of thy gifted mind—
Thus will we think of thee.

Broken forever is the golden bowl
From which thy spirit drank its draught of life ;
The silver chord is loosened from thy soul,
And thou art free from earthly care and strife—
From sin and misery.

We cannot mourn for thee as one whose lot
Was but to bloom for a brief hour below,
Then sink into the grave and be forgot ;
The cold, unthinking world can never know
How much we grieve for thee.

Thou wert a stranger unto us ; thy name
Alone was wafted o'er the Atlantic wave ;
But true hearts mourned thy loss, when tidings came
That thou wert in the cold and silent grave—
Ay, true hearts mourned for thee.

Rest, gentle minstrel ! other hands may wreath
A fairer garland on some future day,
But true and fervent are the thoughts that breathe
Within our hearts, and prompt this simple lay,
That tells our grief for thee.

LINES

ON READING "LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE
HOLY LAND."

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! a stranger's hand may trace
Each hallowed relic of the past, each unforgotten place ;
A careless, heedless footstep press thy consecrated sod,
And an alien's lip breathe orisons unto an alien's God.

Shorn of the glittering honors that once begirt thy
brow,
All desolate and lonely, as the sad heart sees thee now,
With scarce a vestige of the past to cheer the exile's
heart,
Thy mournful history pleads for thee, all ruined as
thou art.

Yes, treasured city of the soul, which stranger hands
despoil,
Myriads of yearning bosoms pant to greet thy sacred
soil ;
And dear unto thy sorrowing sons, long stricken and
opprest,
Were the humblest weed thou bringest forth from thy
cold pulseless breast.

We recall thee in thy beauty, in thy plenitude of
power,
In all thy ancient majesty, with kingdoms for a dower ;
With the diadem of nations encircled on thy brow,
And we turn in bitterness of soul to all thou seemest now.

We mourn for thee, Jerusalem ! thou of the widowed
heart,
Thou who hast seen thy glorious hopes like a vain
dream depart—
Even as a wife forsaken hast thou drained the cup of
shame,
And the stranger passing by thy gate, hath mocked to
hear thy name.

Yea, they taunt thee in thy suffering, forsaken and for-
lorn,
They point unto the galling yoke for ages thou hast
borne,
And they tell thee, weary-laden one, in thy lone
misery,
That no redeemer will arise to set the captive free.

Awake, awake ! put forth thy strength, oh, Zion ! as of
yore ;
Gird on thy glorious majesty, and wake to life once
more.
Arouse, arouse ! ye sluggish ones—oh ! prove before
your God,
That ye are worthy to pursue the path your fathers
trod.

And He who led your sires forth from dark captivity,
Will return once more in holiness to set His chosen
free ;

Then Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! no stranger shall deface
The sacred relics of the past, in thy time-honored place.

NIGHT SONG.

Rest thee, thou wearied one, the sad earth bringeth
Its care and sorrow with the coming day,
But night its mantle o'er the weary flingeth,
And balmy slumber sheds its magic ray.

Rest thee, toil-worn and weary as thou art—
Heaven sends a blessing down in quiet sleep,
It sheds a soothing influence o'er the heart,
"Though we may wake at morn again to weep.

Oh, sleep—the gentle night winds breathe of rest,
And the pale stars shine on us from above,
Earth folds her weary children to her breast—
Oh ! Father, shield them with a parent's love,
And grant them rest.

ISRAEL'S FUTURE.

"The Jews, the legitimate masters of Judea, are as slaves and strangers in their own land; yet still awaiting, under this most cruel and despotic government, a king who is to work their deliverance. And while the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, have disappeared from the face of the earth, this small people, whose origin is much more ancient than that of these mighty nations, still survive amidst the ruins of their country, with no alternation of manner, and no mixture of foreign blood.—SCRIPTURAL GEOGRAPHY.

AY, turn your anxious, ardent gaze,
Ye hapless ones, to that lone spot,
Where, heaven-inspired, your prophets dwelt;
Still be their memories unforget—
Still cherish ye the holy deeds
That God performed for Israel then;
And, uncontaminated, bear
The faith your fathers cherished, when
Pollution rank and conquering foes,
Sought to defile their holy trust,
And failed. Oh! ye who bear their name,
Sons of the faithful and the just,
Let not your strength of soul depart;
Yours be the firm and dauntless heart
That spurns control of earthly bands,

That asks no aid from haughty foes,
But strong in God's own promise stands.
Poor remnant! by thy mighty woes,
By all the memories of the past,
Oh! fail thou not in thy dark hour—
Thy fiery ordeal cannot last;
And when the fierce and bigot power
That chains thee thus, shall palsied die,
And thou, enfranchised, heaven-redeemed,
Shalt see, like meteors of the sky—
Those false and erring lights that beamed,
To lure thee from thy onward race,
Pass from the earth and leave no trace,
No vestige of their dwelling-place:
While thou, oh, glorious and beloved!
Awakening from thy dreary night,
Shalt see thy children, long removed,
Hastening to greet, to glad thy sight.
And that most pure and holy shrine,
O'er which thy prostrate sons now mourn,
Again in radiance all divine,
Shall hail the fugitive's return—
Again the Eternal's blessing rest upon that ruined
spot,
Be thou but true, oh, Israel! be firm and falter not.

ISRAEL'S TRUST.

"Behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people."—ISAIAH.

YES, we are Thine ! The lightning's flash,
The thunder's reverb'ration loud,
The mystic trumpet's solemn tone,
Proclaim it to th' assembled crowd.

Thine !—the retreating waves, which made
A pathway through the troubled flood—
The fire from heaven—the pillar-cloud—
Attest how firm Thy word hath stood.

Thine, wholly Thine, through every change,
Through scorn, and agony, and shame !
Though aliens in every land,
Our heritage is still the same.

Borne down beneath insulting foes,
Defamed, dishonored, and oppressed,
Our country fallen and desolate,
Our name a by-word and a jest—

Still are we Thine—as wholly Thine
As when Judea's trumpets' tone
Breathed proud defiance to her foes,
And nations knelt before her throne.

We are Thine own ; we cling to Thee
As clings the tendril to the vine ;
Oh ! 'mid the world's bewildering maze,
Still keep us Thine, for ever Thine !

PENTECOST.

How were they given, those pure and holy laws,
That thus for centuries have swayed mankind,
And bound them unto wisdom? Did they come
In the soft twilight of a summer hour,
Or in the hushed and melancholy night,
Without attesting witnesses to prove
Their heavenly origin? when man could frame
Such words as suited his ambitious mind,
To bind the herd obedient to his will.

How were they given? See, on yon sacred mount,
How the sharp lightning flashes! its forked tongue
Leaps like a fiery serpent; now it twines
Its sinuous form around each rugged peak,
And now it spreads a liquid plain of fire.
Hark! how that viewless trumpet on the air,
Louder and louder swells, 'till on that vast
And multitudinous plain there falls an awe,
As if the Archangel's mighty voice they heard,
Summoning them unto their last account!
The strong rock quivers, and the stately trees
Bend with the weight of the fierce tempest's wrath.

Lightning and storm ; oh ! ye were glorious,
And suited well the words ye heralded—
The rock on which Israel hath built her tower
Of firm, enduring strength. Though other creeds
Have raised their altars where your own have stood,
And triumphed o'er the fallen Israelite,
Yet unto you, oh ! eldest born, were given
Those heaven-attested words ; guard ye them well,
That, like a rich and priceless heritage,
Ye, dying, may bequeath unto your sons,
Unstained, undimmed, and pure as when at first
They emanated from your God.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

OH ! Thou Eternal and Omnipotent !

How shall Thy erring children come to Thee,
And ask for peace ? Although the head be bent,
Even as a bulrush, 'tis but mockery,
If the dark, sin-struck heart still cling to earth,
Still make its idol of the world's frail clay,
And the pure, glorious soul forget its birth,
Before the glittering bauble of a day ;
Or, if a spark of hatred linger still
Against a brother, sinful though he be,
Oh ! Thou in heaven, how shall we come to Thee ?
Vain are the words that spring with empty sound,
While the insensate heart betrays no wound,
And we are slaves unto our stubborn will.

But if—oh ! Thou Eternal God of love—

If we perchance find favor in Thy sight,
Guide us, oh, Holy one ! from this, our night,
And grant remission from Thy courts above.
Low in the dust we mourn the fatal sin
That hath beguiled our souls from the true path—
Oh ! deal not on our heads Thy fearful wrath ;
Forgive the past, and grant us strength to win

The glorious prize of immortality—
 The bliss to dwell forever more with Thee.
 We are Thy children ! let our prayer arise
 Like the sweet incense of a sacrifice,
 And from this day henceforward let us be
 Bound by love's holiest tie, our God, to Thee.

OBITUARY STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

Oh ! some celestial form of light
 God in His mercy sent to thee,
 To soothe thy parting pangs that night,
 And whisper pardon full and free.

Some holy spirit sent from heaven,
 Too glorious for our mortal eye,
 Hovered, 'till life's last cord was riven,
 Then bore th' enfranchised soul on high.

Thy pallid lips proclaimed the power
 Of the pure ritual of thy faith,
 Like the crushed perfume of a flower,
 That yields its sweetness most in death.

SONG

OF JUDAS MACCABEUS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
MASPHA.

ON, warriors and chiefs ! every step we have trod,
Though blood-stained with carnage and heaped with
the slain,
Bears witness we fight for the glory of God,
Whose aid we have asked, nor entreated in vain.

Attest it, ye armies, whose glittering array
At noonday outshone in his splendor the sun—
Attest it, ye proud girded warriors who lay
Unhonored and cold when the battle was done.

They came to subdue us, oh, God of the just !
Thy arm was our shield, Thy protection our power ;
Still aid and defend us, oh ! Thou whom we trust,
May our help come from Thee in adversity's hour.

When we cease to remember the martyrs, whose blood
They have poured out like water, may we be forgot ;
When we cease to lament the fierce pangs they with-
stood,
May our strength be derided, our memory a blot.

Then on ! can we waver, when heaven's pure light
Smiles approvingly down on the path we have trod ?
On, on ! be it victory or death, ere the night
We have conquered or died for the glory of God.

LIKE SOME LONE BIRD.

LIKE some lone bird whose wailing note
Tells of its grief o'er wood and plain ;
Whose melancholy warblings float
O'er scenes of sorrow, care and pain—
Even such am I.

Or, like a flower all crushed and pale,
Torn by the wind, its bed upriven,
Its leaflets scattered to the gale,
Careering wild by tempests driven,
Even such am I.

No mate to list that bird's sad lay,
No hand to raise that drooping flower ;
The song must float unheard away,
The bud still bear the whirlwind's power,
And helpless lie !

THE LORD IS NIGH.

WHEN the storm-shattered vessel is tost by the gale,
And each billow speeds on, bearing havoc and death,
'Till the courage grows weak and the strength waxes
frail,
With the wild sky above, and the wild waves beneath.

When the young heart is crushed 'mid its early delights,
And the soul is bowed down with a weight of despair,
And we turn from a treacherous world, that requites
Our warmest heart-treasures with anguish and care :

When the *one* whom we cherished turns coldly away,
And we weep o'er the dream that has cheated our
youth,
And mourn that no longer one love-beaming ray
Will return to illumine our pathway with truth :

Then ! then in our anguish we fly unto Thee,
When the false world is fading like dreams of the
night,
And the idols to whom we have bended the knee,
Have fallen to earth, and are hid from our sight.

And Thou ! oh ! Thou hearest the suppliant's voice,
Whether tossed on the ocean, or wrecked upon earth ;
And Thy mercy can cause the sad heart to rejoice,
Though surrounded by perils and storms from its
birth.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THY life's brief day has passed and gone ;
Never shall winter, stern and dread,
Nor fervid heat of summer sun,
Disturb thy lonely, quiet bed.

Freed from all the ills of life,
No heavy sins to be forgiven,
Rest thee from thy mortal strife,
Frail child of earth, high heir of heaven.

THE SUPPLIANT.

“ Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.”

SCHILLER.

I, WEARY of this world's dull track—
I am a laggard in the race,
And languidly my soul turns back,
To seek its final resting-place.

Oh ! when that soul so crushed and riven,
Comes tremblingly before Thy throne,
And humbly pleads to be forgiven,
Hear ! and have mercy on Thine own.

Man may spurn back his brother man,
May reprobate the path he trod,
The wild, uncertain course he ran—
But, oh ! not Thou, our Father—God !

The storm-cloud gathers dark and wild,
My path is lost amid the gloom—
Have mercy on thy suppliant child,
Oh ! take the weary wanderer home.

SAMUEL

AT THE TEMPLE.

A SOLEMN sound of music
 Swells on the summer air,
And a mighty host assemble
 In Israel's house of prayer.

There are stern and dark-browed warriors,
 Fierce wrestlers in life's race,
And holy priest and stripling,
 In that consecrated place.

Like a being of a far-off world,
 Beyond our mortal ken,
One stands amid that stranger throng
 Of swarthy bearded men.

Rich music floats around him,
 And incense fills the air,
And he hears their mingled voices
 Unite in holy prayer.

Tears come raining down in torrents,
 As he listens to their strain,
And his thoughts fly back like winged doves,
 To his mountain home again.

The daily sacrifice is done,
The multitude depart,
And none heed the bitter anguish
Of that lonely little heart.

“My mother, oh, my mother!”
Was the only prayer he said,
When his teacher called a blessing
On his fair and sinless head.

“My mother, oh, my mother!”
That gorgeous structure sent
A strangely solemn answer
To that lonely child’s lament.

Who can tell the bitter wrestling
Of that spirit undefiled,
Or paint the earthward longing
Of that heaven-devoted child.

We only know that blessings
Lingered on the path he trod—
We only know the sacrifice
Was pleasing unto God.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy scene, for Death is near ;
And as his terrors meet the mourner's eye,
There swells a sad and solemn chaunt to heaven,
Bearing in prayer the parting soul on high.

At death's approach their voices blend in prayer,
And he, the dying one, now joins the strain ;
Though his pale, quivering lips give forth no sound,
He strives to speak those holy words again.

Oh ! solemn ritual of *God's chosen ones* !
Oh ! sweet and soothing balm, to those whose breath
Is fleeing fast away from earth's bright things,
And journeying swiftly to the shores of death !

Through scorn, and insult, and oppression's wrongs,
God's holy words have cheered him on his way ;
And now in death's dark hour their power is felt—
They smooth his path to realms of endless day.

Shemang Yisrael,* the Hebrew's prayer of faith—
Then hear, oh, Israel ! your God is one ;

* Hear, oh ! Israel, &c.—DEUT., chap. vi., ver. 4.

Bow down your heads and glorify His name,
Proclaim His unity from sire to son.

The soul hath flown ! With prayer upon his lips
He meekly bowed to meet the chastening rod ;
And now, his earthly errors all forgiven,
He sleeps upon the bosom of his God.

PRAYER.

WHEN the first rays of morning shine,
And wake the world to bliss or care,
Let our first waking thoughts be Thine—
Oh ! hear our humble matin prayer.

When day's bright glories fade away,
And night assumes her silent reign,
Fountain of Life, again we pay
The homage of our grateful strain.

And when the darkest pall of night
Shrouds all things like the silent tomb,
We pray that Thou, oh ! God of Light,
Wilt guide us safely through the gloom.

Protect us by Thy mighty hand,
Restore our souls again to bliss,
Prepare us for that better land,
And aid our wavering steps in this.

CHANGELESS AFFECTION.

A TALE.

A FAIRY lay sleeping within a shell,
Cast ashore by the restless sea ;
But her sleep was disturbed, for a tiny bell,
Like that which the hyacinth rings as a knell
On the death of a flower she loveth well,
Came sounding quite mournfully.

She raised her head from its curious bed,
And she peered in the dim starlight,
But nought could she see of the living or dead ;
Yet that mystical bell had plainly said, “
That something human (a fairy’s dread !)
Was hovering near her that night.

She looked on the ocean and in the air,
And she turned her glance upon earth,
Oh ! well might she tremble, for, standing quite near,
And gazing upon the blue water so clear,
Was a couple whom none but a fairy might fear—
Two lovers of mortal birth.

"Oh!" cried the maiden, as, weeping and pale,
She clung to the youth by her side:
"I will tremble and shrink when the furious gale
Brings destruction to many a gallant sail,
And I'll pray whenever I hear the wild tale
The winds tell me at eventide.

"And forever and ever my love shall be
Like yon pure and silvery star,
That now lightens the slumbering and treacherous sea,
And beams far above in its purity;
And my heart shall ever be true to thee,
Wherever thou roamest afar."

And the lover replied: "Keep thou thy faith
As firmly as I will keep mine,
There is nothing yon glittering star beneath
That can make me change, but the tyrant death;
And the name I breathe with my last breath,
Oh, dearest! shall only be thine."

The youth and the maiden parted that night,
And the fairy forsook her shell;
"I will dwell," said she, "in that bosom so white,
I will shield the maiden from terror and fright,
When she wakes to weep in the dismal night,
For one whom she loveth so well."

A year and a day had scarce passed away,
Ere the fairy returned to the sea,
For the maiden who plighted her troth that day,

And vowed by that star in its tremulous ray,
Hath wedded another, and flown far away—
Oh! fickle and false Eulalie!

And the fairy, deep-grieving, left her home,
And she called on wronged Egbert's name;
She sought him afar on the wild sea foam,
Through many a far foreign land did she roam,
To prepare him before the dark tidings could come,
Of his sorrow and Eulalie's shame.

And what found the fairy? Truth must be told:
Far off in a sweet sunny isle,
She found that true lover, so faithful and bold,
Who had sworn that his bosom could never grow cold,
Had bartered his honor and freedom for gold,
And the light of a lady's smile.

"And this," said the fairy, "is human love,"
As she sunk in the deep blue sea;
"This, this is the faith that their vows would prove."
She looked, and their "witness star" glimmered above,
And the billows repeat, as they restlessly move,
"False Egbert and false Eulalie."

SYMBOLS.

INFANCY.

A little purling rill,
Half hidden from the view,
By moss and wild flowers sheltered well,
And nurtured by the dew.

CHILDHOOD.

A laughing, limpid stream,
That dimples in the sun,
Rejoicing in his golden beam,
And gaily hurrying on.

YOUTH.

A torrent, leaping wildly o'er
Mountain and rocky height,
Impatient of restraining power,
Exulting in its might.

MANHOOD.

A river, baring its broad breast,
Freighted with precious store,
And hurrying onward with the rest,
To the sombre ocean's roar.

And, oh ! thou wide and trackless sea,
Whose solemn waves roll on,
Meet emblem of eternity,
When man's short race is run.

River, and stream, and mountain rill,
And leaping waterfall,
Flow toward thee, unresisting still,
And thou engulphest all.

Full many a gem, oh ! ocean dark,
Lies hidden in thy caves—
Full many a richly freighted bark
Has sunk beneath thy waves.

So death has hidden jewels rare
Within his cold embrace ;
The wise, the cherished, hasten there,
And earth knows not their place.

TO L * * *

WHAT can I wish for thee? May all life's pleasures,
Its joys and sunniest hours, be ever thine;
And all the sweetest tendrils of affection
Close 'round thy heart with every fibre twine;

Making this life for thee one scene of gladness,
And realizing all we hope for thee;
No tinge of sorrow, no alloy of sadness,
Disturb thy peace or mar thy harmony.

Thy gentle care, thy kindly precepts, given
To guard the weak, and lead the wanderer right,
Rise like accepted sacrifice to heaven,
And pave thy path with beams of purest light.

So may old age come on, and when thou'rt weary,
And, like a child, turnest toward thy home,
May all the bright and gladsome things thou leavest,
Be but a foretaste of the joys to come.

TO THE SAME.

MAY all earth's fairest gifts be thine,
And every swift revolving year
Bring health, and peace, and happy thoughts
To thee, and all thou holdest dear.

If cares arise, or sorrows come,
May bright-eyed pleasure chase thy tears,
And love's pure pinion be a charm
To shield from ill thy future years.

No grief, no loss, no pang of shame,
To bow thy head or crush thy heart,
But may our fervent prayers to heaven
Protect, and prove how dear thou art.

TO ALICE.

PET bird, we miss thee, we pine for thee now,
Although many a carol is heard
From the sweet little warblers that perch on *our bough*,
Yet we pine for our own merry bird.

Come home to us, darling—our sunbeam—our light ;
What prettier name can my pen
Bring forward to tempt thee to alter thy flight,
And return to thy home once again.

Bring all that thou lovest, there's room in the *nest* ;
And tho' spring may delay sun and shower,
There's a warm little corner for those we love best,
Over which the rude wind has no power.

Oh ! return, for we miss thee ; we've waited so long,
And so anxiously looked for the day
When our hearts should respond to thy musical song,
And still our lov'd truant's away.

I could pardon thee, rover, if Nature had spread
Her beauties, thy heart to engage ;
If her green rustling branches waved over thy head,
And her flowers were strewed o'er thy cage.

Do not linger in town, where no blossom or leaf
Gives promise of beautiful May,
But return, for our bosoms are laden with grief,
While our own precious birdie's away.

THE ANSWER:

BY MRS. A. R.

YOUR pet bird has missed *you* for many a day,
In the bower where her cage has been hung,
And sorrowful now 'is the once merry lay
Your favorite birdie has sung.

But it needed not all the pet names you call
So sweetly, to tempt me away,
For my heart has been with you, through sunshine
and all,
And I have not been waiting for May.

For, though Nature had spread all her beauties for me,
I'd not linger to worship them now—
Though her blossoms were swelling on every tree,
And bright flowers were decking her brow.

I am pluming my wings and preparing my voice,
And already am steering my flight,
And if I can bring comfort, I bid you rejoice,
For perhaps I'll be with you ere night.

THE DYING SISTER.

I AM dying, dearest sister,
The death-damp is on my brow,
Which thy dear hand is pressing ;
Yes, I am dying now.

I feel it in the quivering
Of each faint and feeble breath,
And my fast receding senses
Assure me this is death.

Oh ! I have prayed at midnight,
That my hour might soon draw nigh ;
And at dawn and early twilight,
I have prayed that I might die.

For the world is harsh and cruel,
And my happiness has fled ;
Temptation has beset me,
And I've wished that I was dead.

Now press your hand upon my brow,
Let me hear that long-loved tone,
And tell me that you'll love me
In the grave, when I am gone.

Say that you'll think upon me
In the evening's fading light,
That you'll miss me when you gather
Round the festal board at night.

That I will not be forgotten,
Though I am with the dead ;
That you'll think of me and love me,
In my cold and narrow bed.

OH, THOU ! WHOSE WAYS.

OH ! Thou, whose ways are not as ours,
How weak and impotent are we !
Unfit to brave the storm which lowers
Around us on life's fitful sea.

How vainly we Thy will withstand ;
How blind our strife to overcome
With human strength, the mighty hand
That fain would lead the wanderer home.

Condemn us not, oh ! Holy One !
Though weak and sinful we may be ;

Still guard and guide our footsteps on,
'Till we are nearer heaven and Thee.

Like him who, in the darksome night,
Can see the kindly stars, which day
Concealed beneath its garish light,
Now beaming forth to guide his way :

So we, by pleasure's dazzling rays,
Fail to perceive those beacons, given
To guide us through life's devious ways,
And lead our wandering steps to heaven,

Until misfortune, like the night,
Shuts all earth's glories from our view—
Then, then to our enraptured sight,
Those gleams of heaven come shining through.

THE BARK OF LIFE.

Now borne along with outstretched sail,
A bark flies swift before the wind ;
Unmindful of the threatening gale,
It speeds, and leaves its mates behind :
How lightly o'er the sea it glides,
And sports alike with winds and tides.

Poor, fated bark ! thy hopes were vain,
For soon, alas ! the tempests fly
Athwart the cold, deceptive main ;
A maddening sea—a lowering sky—
The straining mast—the shivered sail—
Attest full well the oft-told tale.

Morn saw thee sparkling in the sun—
Ere noon the sky was overcast ;
Before thy little course is run,
The promise morning gave is past :
The howling demon of the storm
Will crush thee with its mighty arm.

Thou art righted ! trim thy sails once more,
And speed thee o'er the troubled waste ;
There still are glimpses of the shore,
And a calm haven ; thither haste.
The sun breaks through the storm-clouds dark,
And gleams upon thee, trembling bark.

Once more the canvass woos the gale,
Again she speeds triumphant on,
Again the wind-inviting sail
Spreads flauntingly to greet the sun ;
The danger past, she fears no more,
But stretches for the distant shore.

Alas ! too soon she nears the land,
For the wild storm comes thundering back,

And bears her to the fatal strand,
Then leaves her a dismantled wreck :
The buoyant hopes of morning gone,
She drifts upon the tide alone.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Its source is hidden 'mid the leaves—
The russet leaves that autumn shed,
When the storm-demon waved his wing
Above its shallow, rocky bed.

It cower'd as that awful voice
Went raging through the moaning wood—
It checked awhile its dimpling course,
And trembled in its solitude.

And yearly as that storm returns,
Does the sweet, laughing, limpid stream
Tremble to hear that demon-voice,
Dispel its golden summer dream.

But now it ripples o'er its bed,
Laughing through all the pleasant hours,

It hears the wild bird's sweetest song,
It bears the scent of blushing flowers.

Like modest worth it flows unseen,
Nor asks a brighter, happier doom,
Than thus to sing its hymn of praise,
And wander thro' the forest's gloom.

Sweet stream, though rocks and trees may hide
Thy beauties from the prying eye—
Tho' few have seen thy waters glide,
Or listened to thy melody—

Yet onward in thy humble race,
And one day this, thy scanty store,
Shall fertilize the distant vale,
And mingle with the ocean's roar.

TO S——.

CAN it be true that another year
Has already past?
Has it flown by in earnest, and left us here,
While it fled so fast?

Has it left no traces, that vanished year,
No marks of its flight?

Life's clouds we know will grow dark and drear,
As we draw toward night.

The sun cannot shine with a noontide blaze,
As it sinks to rest;
Nor can we hope that our latter days,
Like the past will be blest.

Hope sits no longer, they say, at the prow,
When our youth is gone—
When, with bending form and snow-wreathed brow,
We come tottering on:

All this may be very lucid and clear,
May be true and right,
But I know *we* heed not the circling year,
In its swift-winged flight.

For Time, as he speeds with thief-like tread,
And plays his part,
Though he roughen the temper and whiten the head,
Cannot alter the *heart*.

And while those whom God gave us encircle us round,
We will dare Fate's worst,
And hope that our later days may be found
As bright as the first.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"One dark minute sweeps away
What took whole years to cherish."

MOORE.

LET it depart ; 't was but a dream,
Like those which cheated me of yore ;
Like them, it served to gild life's stream,
But faded ere I reached the shore.

Oh ! said I, that it was like them !
No, it was something holier far ;
Night holds not in her diadem
Of glittering gems, a brighter star.

It was a ray that lured me on,
'Till all that made life dear has pass'd ;
My dreams have faded one by one,
This was the brightest, and the last.

Well, let it pass, that flattering dream,
It cannot cheat my heart again ;
My star emits no cheering beam—
My grief and sorrow still remain.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

"My birth-day! what a different sound
Had those few words in earlier years;"
Now every twelvemonth's circling round,
I chronicle with bitter tears.

Then pleasures clustered round my way,
And bright-eyed hope stood ever nigh,
To hail the long expected day
That told a year had glided by.

Resolve me this, ye men of lore :
Why is it that in childhood's hours,
The wheels of Time lag evermore,
Although his car is wreathed with flowers.

And when the storms of after-life
Beat wildly o'er the wanderer's head—
When every step brings care and strife,
He seems to move with swifter tread?

I only know the useless past,
Like a vain dream has flitted on—
I only know Time flies too fast,
Now that my work is but begun.

ON AN INFANT.

A DEW-DROP, exhaled ere a shadow of earth
Diminished its lustre or sullied the gem ;
A flower, transferred from the place of its birth,
To its own kindred blossoms, to flourish with them.

Sleep, sleep little nursling, the snow-flakes will fall,
And the rude winds of winter will rave o'er thy bed,
But thou'lt heed them no more than the summer bird's
call
To its mate, on the bough that waves over thy head.

The storm-king may ride on the snow-crested billow,
He may raze the proud tower of strength in his
wrath,
But thy sleep shall be sweet on thy cold, lonely pillow,
Tho' the wailing of nations attend on his path.

Here earth's sweetest treasures around thee shall bloom,
And affection its holiest vigils will keep ;
Bright flowers shall scatter their sweetest perfume,
And angels watch over thy visionless sleep.

THE DIGNITY OF WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

HONOR to woman ! she twines and weaves
Heavenly roses with earthly leaves,
Brings blessings and peace as her own sweet flower,
And ever, beneath fair modesty's veil,
Nurses holy fire, before which pale
The meteor flashings of passion's power.

Battling with stern reason's truth,
Man his strength forever tries,
Plunges with the fire of youth
In the ocean of surmise ;
Eagerly he grasps the wind,
Strives to clutch the distant star ;
Restless, with no ties to bind,
His unreal pictures fade afar.

But ever, with magical force and skill,
Woman proves the might of her empire still,
And fails not to win the fugitive back ;
The wanderer returns at once, at her call,
And ever remains beneath modesty's thrall,
While she guides him with silken thread on the track.

Inimical to mortal peace,
Is the powerful mind of man,
Nor will that troubled warfare cease,
While he lives his little span.
Restless—ever on the wing—
What he makes he mars again ;
Thoughts arise and wishes spring,
Like Hydra heads lopped off in vain.

But satisfied with lowlier fame,
Content to own an humble name,
Woman plucks the present flower ;
But freer in her daily toil,
Richer than he with golden spoil,
And Ambition's short-lived power.

Strong, and proud, and self-reliant,
Man's cold breast is still unmoved—
Firm, and dauntless, and defiant,
Seeks not he to be beloved ;
Knows not the exchange of soul,
Melts not at another's woe,
Self starts first to win the goal,
And aid a rival's overthrow.

But, as by the gentlest zephyr blown,
Rings the æolian harp's wild tone,
So woman's feeling soul replies ;
A pictured misery scares her rest,
Soft pity ever warms her breast,
And pearls of heaven bedew her eyes.

THE SYBIL'S HARP.

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Man, still thirsting for dominion,
Strives by force to conquer right,
Headless of the world's opinion,
Insolent in strength and might—
He challenges with haughty soul,
Passions fearful, dark and wild,
Mocks at pity's soft control,
Scorns to be by love beguiled.

But ever, with the gentlest and mildest tone,
Woman secures him, a slave to her throne,
Extinguishes discord and moderates strife,
Teaches the strength which can overcome hate,
Brings peace to his bosom, when tortured by fate,
And binds with affection the tendrils of life.

THE SYBIL'S HARP.

A HARP, so the wild legend runs,
Gifted with potent magic power
To read the hearts of those who sung
Their tale of love in passion's hour,
Was by an aged Sybil given
To Ninathoma's gentle child,

That she might know if they who sought
Her maiden heart, were undefiled.
If they were worthy, a bright fire
Would burn before them while they sung ;
But if a traitor touched the lyre,
Or falsehood faltered from the tongue,
That flame would thrice leap up, and then
Sink into gloom and void again.

But the fair, gentle maid to whom
This far-famed magic harp was given,
Had yielded her young heart to one
Whom she believed was sent from heaven :
For how could guile or treachery lie
Within that clear and melting eye—
Or, how could falsehood have a part
In that devoted, faithful heart !

He wildly seized the trembling strings,
And, as the shrinking maid retired,
He swept the chords with hurried hand,
And sung like one by heaven inspired.
But, oh ! the harp had lost its tone ;
Or, why did such sad notes reply,
As he, with burning language, told
Of lover's faith and passion's sigh !

The trembling notes swelled on the ear,
Like the low, fitful winter's wind,
And seemed to bear a tale of death
Unto the listener's tortured mind.

●

He sang of hope, and fitfully
The chords prolong the soothing measure ;
He sang of fame and love of power,
Of golden dreams and varied pleasure—
To each and all the harp replied ;
But when he tried of love to sing,
The softly soothing measure died
In murmurs on the quivering string.

Passion was swelling in his heart,
And, maddened by the harp's dull tone,
He strove to force the trembling chords
Into a measure not their own.
But, as his hand with hurried touch,
Swept wildly o'er the wayward lyre,
He saw the Sybil's fitful flame
Shoot upward thrice, and then expire !
She gazed on him for whom her soul
Its deepest, holiest passions woke,
Then, turning to the Sybil's gift,
She bent above it, and her full heart broke !

TO S—.

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH-DAY.

My hand is on the sacred book that dates thy birth,
And my heart is with those cherished ones we've lost
on earth;

What joy and grief alternately, what hopes and fears,
Lie coiled within that little phrase of "fifty years."

It seems a long, long, weary time to tread this earth,
To find how cold and heartless, and how little worth,
Are all the false and fleeting joys that lure our stay;
Even while their clasp is closest twined they fade away.

But while earth's joys can charm the heart, may they
be thine,
And every blessing heaven can send, around thee twine;
In wife, in children, and in friend, may'st thou be blest,
And when thy mortal cares shall end, sweet be thy rest.

Scorn not the simple lines that come to greet this day,
Nor deem the mood that prompted them an idle play:
A deep and fervent love for thee lives in my heart,
And this rude measure ill can tell how dear thou art.

And when old age has bleached the head and bowed the
form,
Still may these kindly feelings live as fresh and warm ;
And the strong ties which bind us here in bonds of love,
Live on through endless ages yet in realms above.

TO OUR MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

" Life has passed
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last."

COWPER.

So LONG, dear mother, since those eyes upon thy
children smiled,
Long years since thou art lost to me, thy fond, but
wayward child ;
Oh ! we have trod the world's rough path, and mingled
among men,
But a weary, weary pilgrimage has our pathway proved
since then.

And bitterly and coldly has the cruel world repaid
The wealth of love, which, in our youth, we on its
altars laid,

Until the bruised and wounded heart, dear mother,
long'd to share
Thy quiet home of heavenly rest, released from earthly
care.

Oh, thou ! whose bosom pillow'd oft this lonely, aching
head,
I have longed to lay me down with thee, among the
quiet dead ;
Yes, ere the first warm flush of youth had faded from
my heart,
I yearned to hear the summons that would call me to
depart.

We think of thee, dear mother ; time has not eased
the pain
We felt when thou wert taken hence ; tho' we know
our grief is vain,
Yet we mourn for thee, departed one, thy children
mourn for thee,
And we bless thee for the precepts thou hast taught us
at thy knee.

The grave has closed upon thy form, yet thy spirit
hovers near,
When o'er life's waste our barks are driven, uncertain
where to steer ;
Then the prayers taught us by thy lips, in helpless
infancy,
Come like a soothing spell, to guide our spirits back to
thee.

And when our parting hour shall come, oh ! be thy
presence nigh,
To guide thy erring children home, to bliss beyond
the sky ;
Be thou the messenger of peace, proclaim our sins for-
given,
And restore the wrong, repentant soul, back to its God
in heaven.

MASONRY.

THEY rail at thee, time-honored craft,
Who never felt thy gentle power,
When fell misfortune speeds her shaft,
In grief and misery's hour.

They rail at thee, who never knew
How virtue elevates the mind,
When man, to God's own mission true,
Brings comfort to mankind.

When the poor, weary-laden one
Blesses the hand that brings relief,
While thou hast sped rejoicing on,
To heal another's grief.

In mirth and gladness all are friends ;
But, oh ! when dark misfortune lowers,
'Tis only the *true* spirit lends
Its soul-ennobling powers.

To raise the stricken wretch from earth,
To sooth and heal his keenest woes,
And while he pours his sorrows forth,
Bring comfort and repose.

This is the true Masonic part,
Fraternal band, to you is given
The task to raise the erring heart,
And lead it back to heaven.

I DREAMED OF THEE.

I DREAMED, departed friend, of thee :
Methought my soul had ta'en its flight,
And, freed from all the toils of earth,
Had sought the realms of endless light.

Thou, loved and lost, wert by my side ;
And, oh ! the bliss of that brief minute—
Brief, for it faded long ere we
Could realise the rapture in it.

Blest, sweet communion, soaring thus,
With arms enwreathed, we sought that shore,
Where fain our weary souls would rest,
And thou and I would part no more.

For our frail bark was tempest-tost,
And long with wind and wave had striven
To reach that haven of our hopes,
To which our earnest thoughts were given.

Oft, as we sped o'er life's dull sea,
Full many a proud and stately sail
Beheld with scorn our fragile boat,
Striving to win against the gale.

Now that sweet haven 's reached at last ;
Our weary, joyless wandering 's o'er,
And all of life—its bitter scorn—
Its cruel mockery—felt no more.

Oh ! why did earth recall me then ?
Too soon that glorious vision faded ;
And I awoke from that sweet dream,
To bear my lot alone—unaided.

ODE TO CHARITY.

HEAVEN-BORN maid, sweet Charity !
Thou with mildly beaming eye,
 And pitying heart of softest mould ;
Thou who hearest the orphan's prayer,
The widow's wild and deep despair,
 And softenest bosoms dark and cold.

Descend, sweet maid, to nether earth,
Descend and prove thy holy birth,
 By soothing dark misfortune's hour—
Teach man to aid his brother man,
And while he lives his little span,
 Oh ! let him feel thy sacred power.

Let Masonry, with generous heart,
Its soothing influence impart—
 To heal an erring brother's woe ;
To lead the weak and wandering soul
Back to its final heavenly goal,
 And smooth his dreary path below.

May suffering never plead in vain,
Nor bigot's rod, nor tyrant's chain,

Usurp the place to thee assigned ;
But firmly in each Mason's breast
May Charity and Mercy rest,
And prove a blessing to mankind.

Twin-born with Faith and Love, descend,
The widow's hope, the orphan's friend,
Here let thy banner be unfurled ;
Angel, sent from heaven above,
Child divine of light and love,
Descend, and aid a sinful world.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It is her right, to bind with warmest ties,
The lordly spirit of aspiring man,
Making his home an earthly paradise,
Rich in all joys allotted to life's span ;
Twining around each fibre of his heart,
With all the gentle influence of love's might,
Seeking no joy wherein he has no part—
This is undoubtedly—a women's right !

It is her right to teach the infant mind,
Training it ever upward in its course,

To root out evil passions that would bind
The upward current of his reason's force ;
To lead the erring spirit gently back,
When it has sunk in gloom of deepest night ;
To point the shining path of virtue's track,
And urge him forward. This is woman's right.

It is her right to soothe the couch of pain ;
There her pure mission upon earth to prove,
To calm with gentle care the frenzied brain,
And keep her vigil there of holiest love ;
To watch untiring by the lonely bed,
Through the bright day, and in the solemn night,
'Till health ensues, or the loved form is laid
To rest forever. This is woman's right.

She is a flower that blossoms best, unseen,
Sheltered within the precincts of her home ;
There, should no dark'ning storm-cloud intervene,
There, the loud-strife of worldlings never come.
Let her not scorn to act a *woman's* part,
Nor strive to cope with manhood in its might,
But lay this maxim closely to her heart—
That that which God ordains is surely right.

LINES

ON RECEIVING A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF "HOME."

A PICTURED scene, as bright and fair
As it was in days of yore,
When I stood with calm and sinless heart
Within that cottage door.

I gaze upon the mimic scene,
And lament the fearful past,
That has spread such gloom upon my soul,
Since I pressed that threshold last.

The vines still cluster 'round the porch,
And the fragrant linden tree
Seems still to wave its blossom'd bough,
To tempt the wandering bee.

The sunshine flickers on the grass,
Between those branches fair;
The luscious fruit hangs temptingly,
And flowers still scent the air.

Is *all* as perfect as of old,
In that well-remembered place?

Miss we no voice of gentle tone,
No dear familiar face ?

Oh, memory ! treasure-house of thought,
Open thy portals wide,
Restore the loved and cherished ones,
Who perished by our side.

Bid them return, and give that scene
The charms it owned of yore—
They cannot ! oh, be still my heart,
This is *our* "home" no more.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

FAR, far away, in a distant land,
Beneath the light of another sky,
Thy grave unadorned by a kindred hand—
Thy death unwept by a kindred eye.

Thou art laid to rest ! and the rank grass waves
In wild luxuriance o'er thy bed—
That lonely bed among stranger graves,
The lowly though unforgotten dead.

Those graves may be watered by tears of love,
May be decked with fair and blooming flowers,
And many a scene where the mourners rove,
May serve to solace their saddest hours.

For there, too, have wandered the loved ones fled,
And there some link of the mighty chain
That bound the heart of the living and dead,
May recall those happier hours again.

But where, on this cold, bleak earth, art thou laid ?
What spot on its bosom, oh ! tempest-tost,
Can we point to, and say that there has been made
The grave of the erring friend we have lost ?

We never shall know it ! Time rolls on,
And death may sever our household band,
But we never shall know where that desolate one
Met his lone death-hour, in a strange land.

THE SEASONS.

SUCH is life—its spring of gladness,
Its summer bearing golden fruit,
Its autumn tinged with gloom and sadness,
Its winter desolate and mute.

Mute ? ah, no ! its mournful wailing
Tells of hopes and pleasures fled ;

Hopes that now are unavailing,
Pleasures numbered with the dead.

Wo to us, if in the morning
Of our early summer hour,
We give no heed to Nature's warning,
Sent in every blushing flower.

We, like them, shall fade and perish,
Droop and wither in our bloom,
And the hopes which most we cherish,
Sink forgotten in the tomb.

Things that spring in joy and gladness,
Man, and bud, and blushing flower,
Each alike in gloom and sadness,
Closes life's last waking hour.

NOW LET ME DIE.

Now let me die !
The bloom of earth has passed away,
Its pleasures pall, its flowers decay—
The hopes that lured with dazzling ray,
Low, withered lie.

Bury me deep,
That no foot profane disturb my rest ;

But place no stone above my breast—
Too heavily *life's* burden prest,
And banished sleep.

Ask me not why
I long for my deep, lonely grave ;
Ask me not why, I only crave
A release from life, the boon it gave
Was misery.

Oh ! placid sleep,
I sink at length in thy embrace ;
My task is done—a weary race
Was mine on earth ; let my resting-place
Be lone and deep.

SONG.

TOO LATE, too late, those burning words,
Those eyes so eloquently pleading,
Have failed, alas ! to move a heart,
Whose earliest “flowers of love lie bleeding.”

Yes, cold and silent as a ghost,
That haunts its scenes of former pleasure,
Love sits beside his ruined ark,
Still guarding a long-vanished treasure.

Faded forever from my heart
Is every hope of earthly gladness ;
It dare not dream of bliss to come,
And memory of the past is madness.

Then cease to urge those burning words,
Recall those vows so fraught with feeling,
Nor seek to raise from woman's heart
The veil her long-lost hopes concealing.

NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year, another year,
Has glided by with noiseless wing,
In blessing and in misery,
In joyfulness and sorrowing.

We've joyed that a new flower has sprung
To life, beneath Time's silent tread ;
And we have mingled bitter tears
Of fruitless sorrow o'er the dead.

And so, 'mid human hopes and fears,
'Mid peaceful calm or stormy strife,
Another link is added to
The heavy chain of actual life.

MOUNTAINS.

“ To me,
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities, torture.”

BYRON.

THERE are wonders on the ocean, when its mighty heart
is stirred,

And the raging waves, snow-crested, leap like lions
from their lair ;

There are wonders and dark horrors, when the thunder-
tone is heard,

And human shrieks for mercy, mingle wildly on the
air.

Or, when its playful billows roll, in undulating swell,
Chasing on with pleasant murmurs, like a well-
remembered voice,

When the rosy tinted waves leap up, to bid the sun
farewell,

And the gentle wind comes laughingly, and makes
the heart rejoice.

But, oh ! ye glorious mountains, ye are dearer far
to me,
With your sloping sides green-wooded, and your proud
and lofty height ;
Ye are mighty and majestic, as the wide and trackless
sea,
But, unlike the faithless ocean, ye are harmless in your
might.

Ye bear upon your bosoms, though ye pierce the very
skies,
The humblest little flow'ret that ere blossoms in the
vale ;
And from your cloud-capped majesty, the simple bird
replies
To her mate's sweet note of music, borne upon the
summer's gale.

There the little streamlet winds its way, unnoticed and
alone,
And squirrels gambol fearlessly, among the tangled
wood,
The melancholy night bird comes, when the bright day
is gone,
And a hundred humble sounds arise, to cheer the soli-
tude.

Yes, ye are ever glorious, whether at dawn of day,
Or when the sunlight lingers, or the pale moon
showers her light,

Beneath the darkening storm-cloud, or the evening
star's faint ray ;
At all seasons, in all changes, ye are glorious in my
sight.

GOD IS GREAT !

FROM THE GERMAN.

EARTH with her stores, and boundless heaven,
Alike are fashioned by His hand,
And where reason's light is given,
None the mighty truth withstand :
Man, all God's wondrous works allow,
He is great—how small art thou !

See'st thou not yon lordly sun,
Rising in his towering might,
When day's glories, just begun,
Dissipate the gloom of night.
Hark ! He speaks unto thee now—
"God is great—how small art thou !"

And when the moon with silver beam,
Mounts the heavens so calm and clear,

Its trembling, liquid glances, seem
To whisper thus unto thy ear—
“Mortal, veil thy haughty brow,
God is great—how small art thou !”

And when the first faint stars arise—
Those glittering messengers of love,
That, like the light of kindred eyes,
Seem watching o’er us from above,
Then own, “above, beneath the sky,
God is great—how small am I !”

AN ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

AWAKE ! thou hast slumbered long,
Now arm thee for the fight ;
Be thy faith firm, thy courage strong,
To brave a world of oppression and wrong,
Where might o’ercometh right.

Arouse ! thou hast dreamed a dream ;
Now waken, to prove how vain
Was the flow of thy young life’s stream,
So unruffled and pure, that too bright a beam
Could tinge its breast with pain.

Up, up ! thou hast work to brave ;
A task must yet be done,
Ere sinks the moon in yonder wave,
Or the slumbering streamlet, or turbulent wave,
Is tinged by morning's sun.

Thou must con a bitter task,
For thou hast yet to know
Why some in fortune's sunbeams bask,
Yet refuse the aid a brother may ask,
To shield his life from wo.

Thou must bind thee to the wheel
Of the worldling's car of pride ;
There teach the sinking heart to feel
The weight of despair and the scourge of steel,
That a heartless world deride.

Go forth when thy task is done,
Go kiss the chastening rod,
And when thy weary race is run,
Thou'lt know that each *earth-wound* that goaded thee on,
Hath brought thee nearer to God.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

"FILL high your cups, and pledge me now,
I drink to 'a life like this ;'
Let it pass round, let red wine flow,
And augment our transient bliss.

"I have golden bowls that once were filled
By priests of Judah's line ;
Their God will bless the wine that's spilled
By this royal hand of mine.

"Ho, slaves ! here, place them on the board,
Within this ruddy light ;
Let none gainsay my kingly word—
I will be God to night.

"They tell me I offended heaven,
Those dastard, grey-beard priests ;
That these sacred cups were never given
To grace a mortal's feasts.

Ha ! how it thrills ! I slake my thirst
Like a god ! Am I not one ?
Note ye it well—I am the first
By whom such a deed was done !"

But what is this, most potent king ?
Why sitt'st thou silent now ?
'Tis but a *hand*—a trifling thing,
To blanch that regal brow.

Thou art a god—now act like one ;
Put forth thy god-like power,
And bid the phantom hand begone,
That mars thy festive hour.

Thou can'st not ; thy sad doom is sealed !
Now hear the hidden spell
Which that mysterious hand revealed,
And note its meaning well.

Thy mighty kingdom is laid waste,
Thy power is ebbing low,
And Medes and Persians hither haste,
To aid thy overthrow.

Alas ! how oft in bower and hall
We see that phantom hand ;
But the words it writeth on the wall,
How few can understand !

THE HOPES OF LIFE.

IN youth our hopes come thronging fast,
But frail as summer's frailest flower,
They change with every passing hour,
'Till youth is past.

In manhood they are golden-dyed,
And take a shape more plain to view,
But as the others died, they too
Pass with the tide.

How is it when stern age comes on ?
Does that bewildering, busy train
Return to tell us then, how vain
Is all they've done ?

They come no more, but in their stead
The phantoms of the hopes that died,
Companions of our day of pride,
Steal with slow tread.

And as they pass, all pale and grey,
Before our sight, that phantom throng,
They weave a mournful farewell song,
And pale away !

"Mortal, have we lured thee hither?
Chide us not, we shorten'd pain,
Gilded flowers too soon to wither,
Calm'd thy wild, distemper'd brain.
Better thus than dark despair,
Which o'ershadowed thy short life;
Rankling grief, corroding care,
The injured heart's unequal strife,
All have passed. We, too, must fade,
But, ere we vanish, lift thine eyes,
And from the wreck that time has made,
Let a nobler structure rise."

THE BLIND.

TO A FRIEND STRICKEN WITH BLINDNESS.

THROUGH life's unequal, boisterous sea,
When towering waves were swelling high,
Around thee nought but misery—
No human aid or succor nigh.

Whose hand was stretched to aid thy bark,
When those wild billows towered o'er thee?
Whose voice dispell'd the storm-cloud dark,
And showed a beaming path before thee?

Even His, whose tender mercies spread
This pleasant earth and smiling heaven,
His hand was laid upon thy head,
Until by suffering thou art forgiven.

We dally with our happiness,
Unmindful of a higher goal,
• Contented with earth's littleness,
And fleeting pleasures as they roll—

Till wrung by sorrow, care or pain,
Our dormant powers find release,
And, spurning earth's enthralling chain,
Mount heavenward to seek for peace.

That which the worldly deem thy loss,
By that Almighty hand was given,
To cleanse thy soul from earthly dross,
And lead thy spirit up to heaven.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

MERCIFUL Father, wond'rous in Thy might,
Deign to give heed unto my simple prayer,
Not yet encompass'd by the soul's dark night—
Not yet a prey to anguish and despair,
But by the world's contagion undefiled,
I lift my heart to Thee, Thine own, Thy child.

Hear me, and aid, oh ! Thou omnipotent !
At morning's earliest dawn I bend the knee ;
And when the bright and garish day is spent,
And night approaches, then I come to Thee,
And lift my feeble voice in earnest prayer,
That Thou wilt make a simple child Thy care.

Let the faint incense of the hymn I raise
Be wafted up by angels to Thy throne ;
Incline Thine ear to hear my humble praise,
And keep me Thine, oh ! Father, all Thine own.
God, I entreat thee, pure and undefiled
From the world's sinfulness, preserve Thy child.

MASONRY.

WHEN that proud structure, which in after years
Filled Judea with awe, first rose to view,
Then the mysterious signs of brotherhood,
Now spread o'er the wide earth, were known and felt,
And in the sacred language which God
Gave his pure laws on Sinai, came those words
So mystic in their import. Sign and tone
Fraught with deep meaning, and from that time forth,
Until the present day, have Faith and Hope,
With their sweet sister, Charity, sped on,
Blessing and blest. Faith, with her steadfast eye,

Unmoved by the world's vanities, and buoyant Hope,
Upheld amid despair ; and Charity,
Whose gentle influence falls on all alike—
She, by that mystic tie of brotherhood,
Closely unites within a holy bond
The families of earth.

When fell disease,
Sorrow, and grief, assail earth's weary ones,
She comes, and, like a messenger from heaven,
Pours the sweet balm of peace upon the heart,
Binds its deep wounds, and dries the widow's tear,
And quiets the lone orphan's bitter moan.
Ye, who so nobly aid the holy work—
Ye, whose bright deeds are registered on high,
Excelsior be your motto—onward still—
And upward be your course ; and tho' perchance
The goodly seed may fall on barren ground,
Still onward, for the flowers may bloom in heaven.

TO B * * * * *

WE are growing old, we are growing old !
Are our thoughts more sombre, our hearts more cold,
Than when we essayed to run life's race,
And bounded in hope from our starting place ?

Yes, our thoughts have grown sadder, our hearts more
chill,
And our feet are a-weary of mounting life's hill ;

We are weary and faint, yet we journey on,
As we ever must journey till life is done.

We are growing old, we are growing old,
And our being resembles a tale twice told ;
Yet we will not despair, though dark it may be,
But cling to the bright spots of memory.

Time has oft mocked us, and altered our course
From worse unto better, from better to worse ;
And so with its waves we must rise and fall,
For we bear but the common lot of all.

We are growing old, we are growing old !
And though we possess not the world's sordid gold,
We have garnered rich treasures that cling round the
heart,
When the world's hollow pleasures and friendships
depart.

And though Time has mocked us, and cheated our will,
There is hope, dearest brother, in store for us still ;
And many a page may yet be unrolled,
That shall gladden our hearts, *tho' we're growing old.*

DESPONDENCY.

WITHOUT a wish—a hope—an aim,
How wearily life passes by ;
Day follows each preceding day,
In dull and drear monotony.

No love to cheer the sinking heart,
No gleam of sunshine, to dispel
The clouds that gather thick and dark,
O'er scenes remembered but too well.

Oh ! what a weary round of time—
What anguish lies within its scope,
As days, and months, and tedious years,
Roll on without a ray of hope.

Come then, thou calm and peaceful grave,
Release me from this galling chain ;
Each added day upbraids my soul
With having lived so long in vain.

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE LEPER.

NOTE 1, PAGE 9.

"A thousand flowers of gorgeous hue."

"The eye of the traveler is delighted with a profusion of roses, white and red—the narcissus, the white and orange lily, the carnation, and a highly fragrant species of everlasting flower."—RUSSELL.

NOTE 2—PAGE 10.

"Their solemn silence keep unbroken."

"God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, and rent the rocks. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it has never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard that awful voice."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

NOTE 3—PAGE 10.

"Mysterious Bethel."

Bethel, where Jacob enjoyed his vision of heavenly things, and had his stony couch made easy, by the beautiful picture of ministering angels ascending and descending from the presence of the Eternal.

NOTE 4—PAGE 11.

"The labyrinthine rocks display

Their wild, fantastic forms on high."

"A scene of marked solitude and desolation surrounds the steps of the traveler. He finds himself amid a labyrinth of mountains, of a conical figure, all nearly alike, and connected with each other at their base. A naked rock presents strata, or beds, resembling the seats of a Roman amphitheatre, or the walls which support the vineyards in the valleys of Savoy. Every recess is filled with dwarf-oaks, box, and rose-laurels.—

From the bottom of the ravines olive trees rear their heads, sometimes forming continuous woods on the sides of the hills."—HOLY LAND.

NOTE 5—PAGE 13.

"A sea of crimson dye,
And gold-speck'd islands."

"The earth was covered with a luxurious growth of crimson flowers, so thickly matted together, that, to the eye, the ground at times seemed covered with crimson snow. Here and there, among this sea of scarlet bloom, were patches of yellow daisy, looking like golden islands in this incarnadined and floral ocean."—LYNDEN'S EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

NOTE 6—PAGE 16.

"I sprung from the princely Maccabees."

A name, of which the derivation is uncertain. Some assert that it is formed from the concluding letters of a sentence in the eleventh verse of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus—"Mi Camo Ka Boulin Jehovah," signifying—Who is like unto thee among the Gods, O, Jehovah. Some, that it was the banner of the tribe of Dan, which contained the three last letters of the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; others, that it was the personal appellation of Judas, from a word signifying a hammer.—MILMAN.

NOTE 7—PAGE 18.

"Ebol and Gerizim."

"And Moses charged the people the same day, saying:—These shall stand upon Mount Gerizim to bless the people, when ye are come over Jordan, Simeon, and Levi, and Judah, and Issacher, and Joseph, and Benjamin; and these shall stand upon Mount Ebol, to curse; Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulan, Dan, and Naphtali.—DEUTERONOMY, xxvii.

"Never did human imagination conceive a scene so imposing, so solemn, so likely to impress the whole people with deep and enduring awe, as the final ratification of their polity, as commanded by the dying law-giver. Here all Israel was to be assembled—six tribes on the one height, six on the other. In the open day, and in a theatre, as it were, created by the God of Nature for the express purpose, after a sacrifice offered on an altar of stones, the people of Israel testified their free and deliberate acceptance of that constitution, which their God had enacted. They accepted it with its inseparable conditions, maledictions the most awful, which they imprecated on their own heads, in case they should apostatise from its statutes—blessings equally ample and perpetual, if they should adhere to its holy and salutary provisions.—MILMAN.

NOTE 8—PAGE 18.

"On Shiloh's plain."

"And the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together

at Shiloh, and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there. And the whole land was subdued before them."—JOSHUA xviii.

NOTE 9—PAGE 18.

"*Aphék.*"

Where the ark of God was taken, and the Israelites defeated by the Philistines.—1 SAMUEL, chap. iv.

NOTE 10—PAGE 18.

"*Nebo.*" The burial place of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv.

NOTE 11—PAGE 19.

"*Masada.*"

"There was that peculiar purple hue of its weather-worn rock, a tint so like that of coagulated blood, that it forced the mind back upon its early history, and summoned images of the fearful immolation of Eleaser and the nine hundred and sixty-seven Sicarii, the blood of whose self-slaughter seemed to have tinged the indestructible cliff forever."—LYNCH.

For the "fearful immolation" here mentioned, see Milman's history of the Jews, vol. 3, p. 71, and a parallel case in the massacre of the Jews of York—Ibid, p. 273.

NOTE 12—PAGE 19.

"*Jotapata.*"

"Besieged by Vespasian, and conquered, after an obstinate resistance of forty-seven days, during which time forty thousand men were slain.—See JOSEPHUS.

NOTE 13—PAGE 19.

"*Gerizim, Tarichen, Japha, and Gamala.*"—IBID.

NOTE 14—PAGE 19.

"*Jerusalem.*"

The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and the civil conflicts which added to its horrors, are too well known to need any comment. Milman says:—"It has probably witnessed a far greater portion of human misery than any other spot upon the earth."

NOTE 15—PAGE 20.

"*Nor dare approach thy hallowed gate,
By Roman cruelty profaned.*"

"An edict was issued, prohibiting any Jew from entering the new city, on pain of death, or even approaching its environs, so as to contemplate, even at a distance, its sacred height. More effectually to keep them away,

Hadrian caused the image of a swine to be placed over the gate leading to Bethlehem.—HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

NOTE 16—PAGE 21.

"We were forbid to worship Israel's God."

"They were now sounding the lowest depths of misery. They were forbidden, under penalties sternly enacted and rigidly enforced, to initiate their children into the chosen family of God. Their race was in danger of becoming extinct."—IBID.

NOTE 17—PAGE 22.

"Barcochab arose."

"The period of the first appearance of the pretended Messiah, is by no means certain; even his real name is unknown; he is designated only by his title, Barcochab, the son of the star, which his disappointed countrymen, in their bitterness, changed to Barcosba, the son of a lie.—IBID.

NOTE 18—PAGE 22.

"The House of the Lord."

—————"The temple of the Lord," the ancient gathering-cry of the Jews.

NOTE 19—PAGE 24.

"Caziba," or Barcochab.

NOTE 20—PAGE 24.

"Akiba."

Akiba, with his vast learning and profound piety, fell into the errors of the more ignorant, by believing in the pretensions of the so-called Messiah. "He threw himself," says the historian, "at once into the party of the heaven-inspired insurgent. 'Behold,' said he, in an assembly of the listening people, 'the star that is come out of Jacob; the days of the redemption are at hand.' 'Akiba,' said the more cautious Rabbi Johanan, 'the grass will spring from thy jaw-bone, and yet the son of David will not have come.'"

NOTE 21—PAGE 24.

"The Shammata."

"For more heinous offences, and against contumacious delinquents, the terrific Chorem, or still more fatal Shammata, the excommunication, was proclaimed. No power could cancel the irrevocable Shammota. The delinquent was excommunicated, anathematised, accursed—by the book of the law, by the ninety-three precepts, by the malediction of Joshua, by that of Elifha against the children who mocked him, and so on, through all the terrific threatenings of the ancient law and history. He was accursed by heaven and earth, by the seraphim, and by the heavenly orbs. 'Let

nothing good come out of him; let his end be sudden; let all creatures become his enemy; let the whirlwind crush him; the fever, and every other malady, and the edge of the sword, smite him; let his death be unforeseen, and drive him into utter darkness.'—ORIGEN.

NOTE 22—PAGE 29.

"The shrill Talehl."

A noise made by a combined motion of the tongue, throat and hand, vibrated rapidly over the mouth. Layard describes the sound as peculiarly shrill and deafening.

NOTE 22—PAGE 30.

"With that pale, mystic skein."

"When the sun set, the Sabbath was to commence. The undulating horizon rendered it difficult to ascertain the precise moment of his fall. Then might be perceived the zealots, proud of their Talmudical lore, holding a skein of white silk in their hands, and announcing the approach of the Sabbath, by their observation of its shifting tints. While the skein was yet golden, the forge of the armourer still sounded, the fire of the cook still blazed, still the cavalry led their steeds to the river, and still the busy footmen braced up their tents, and hammered at their pallisades. The skein became blue, a dim, dull, sepulchral leaden, tinge fell over its purity. Horns sounded from all quarters, the sun had set, the Sabbath had commenced. A deep, a sudden, an all-pervading stillness dropped over that mighty host."—D'ISRAELI.

NOTE 24—PAGE 31.

"The Hemasagara, or sea of gold, with flowers of the brightest gold color."—SIR W. JONES.

NOTE 25—PAGE 32.

Mrs. Graham mentions the red lotus of the east as the most beautiful of the Nymphæas.

NOTE 26—PAGE 34.

"Bithur," where Barcochab was slain; the metropolis and citadel of the insurgents.

NOTE 27—PAGE 36.

"For years their blood-stained raiment wore."

"During this war the enormous number of five hundred and eighty thousand fell by the sword, not including those who perished by famine, disease, and fire. The whole of Judea was a desert; wolves and hyenas went howling along the streets of the desolate cities."—DIO CASSIUS.

NOTE 28—PAGE 36.

"Bartered like beasts to glut their conqueror's pride."

"There was a great fair held under a celebrated Terebrinth, which tradition had consecrated as the very tree under which Abraham had pitched his

tent. Thither his miserable children were brought in droves, and sold as cheap as horses.—IBID.

NOTE 29—PAGE 37.

"That pale melancholy flower."

"The sorrowful nyctanthes, which spreads its rich odor after sunset."

MOORE.

NOTE 30—PAGE 41.

"The heart expands to view those scenes

Made bright by memories of yore."

"When you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound gratitude. But, when passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. Every name commemorates a mystery, every grotto announces a prediction, every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

NOTES TO ZARA.

NOTE 1—PAGE 51.

"The silver flood."

"In a lofty pavillion of the garden, one of those basins or fountains so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished, not with water, but with the purest quicksilver."—GIBBON.

NOTE 2—PAGE 53.

"There is no God but God."

Nothing more is required to make a Jew or Christian a Mohommedan by their law, than the deposition of two witnesses to the simple circumstance of their having pronounced the words—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Against this testimony their protestations are vain, and the penalty of recantation is burning at the stake.

NOTE 3—PAGE 60.

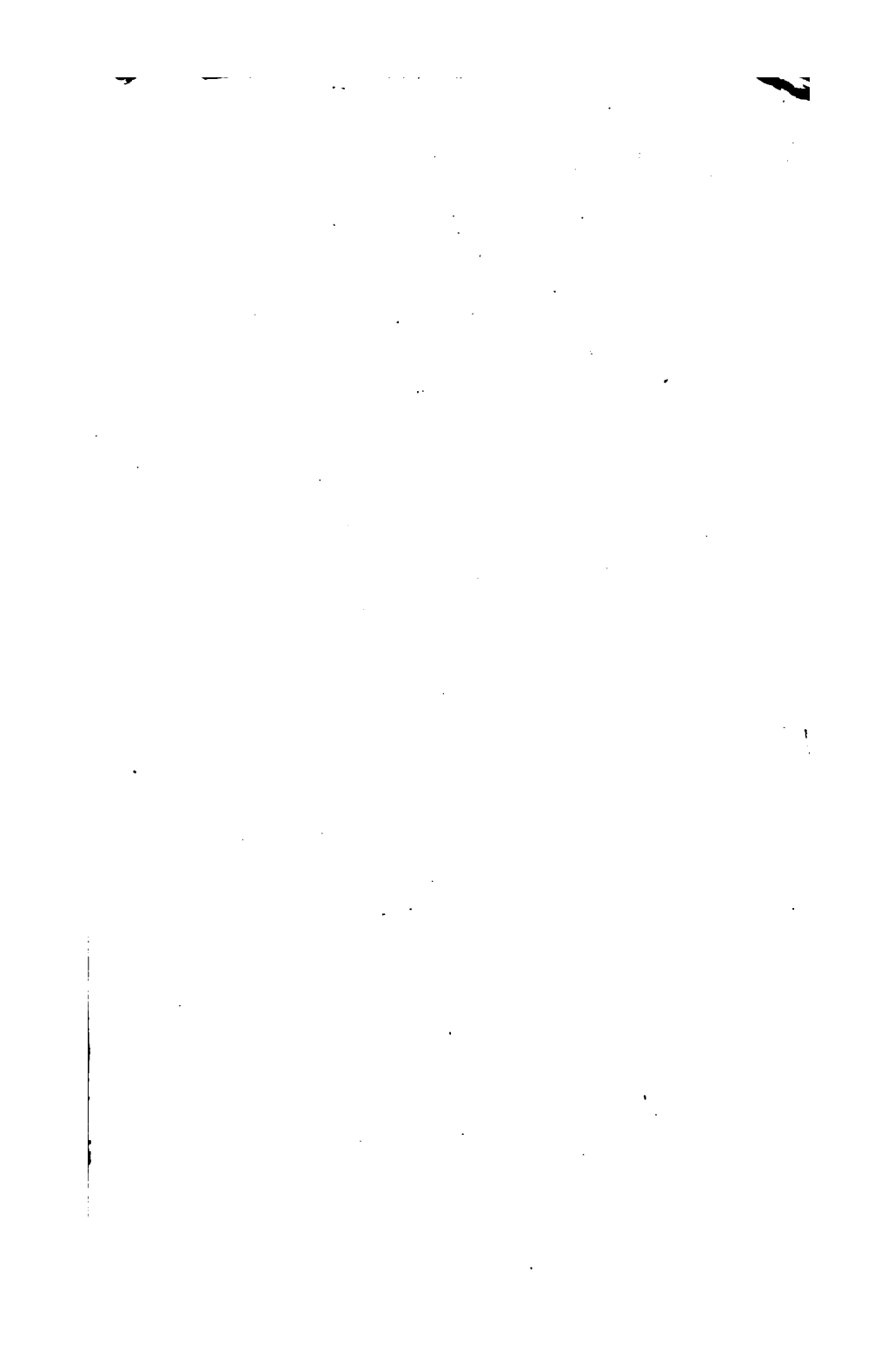
"The power that giveth life or death."

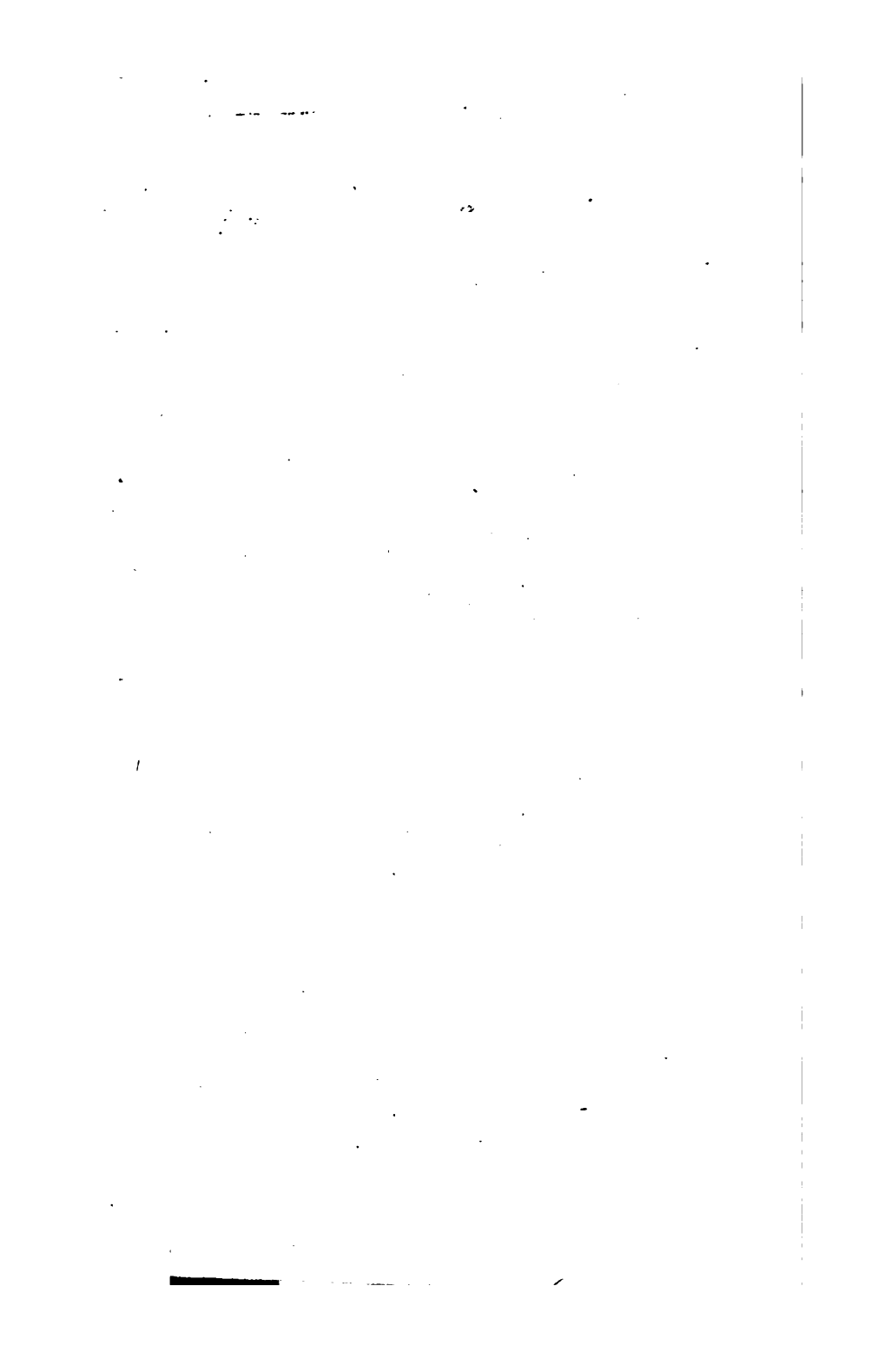
It is well known that the will of the Sultan, which is absolute in almost all other cases, is powerless in this.

NOTE 4—PAGE 68.

Shemon Yisrael. &c.

Hear, oh! Israel!—DEUT. vi., 4, 10.







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